

'08 ANNALES '18



COLLEGE OF  
NEW ROCHELLE























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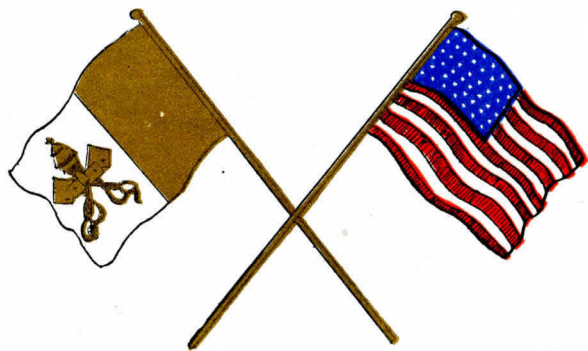
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NEW YORK















# ANNALES

## A 1908-1918



The Year Book  
of the  
College of New Rochelle  
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Published by the Senior Class



THE CASTLE



To the  
**Class of Nineteen-Eighteen**  
 has come the honor of publishing  
 this eighth volume of "Annales" in the year  
 which marks the tenth anniversary  
 of the first graduation  
 from the

**College of New Rochelle.**

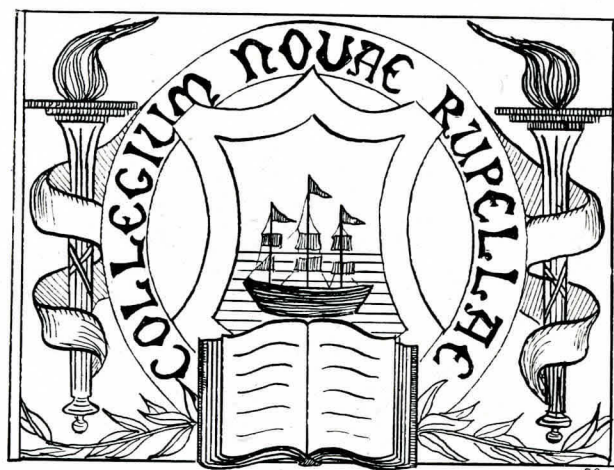
To the vivid memories of her successful past,  
 and with a thought of gratitude and affection  
 for her Dean and Founder,

**Mother M. Irene;**

to the bright prospects for her successful future,  
 and with a promise to abide by the Philosophy  
 she has taught, is this volume inscribed,  
 And so, with a pledge of loyalty to the

**White and Blue,**  
**We of Nineteen-Eighteen**  
 dedicate our book  
 to

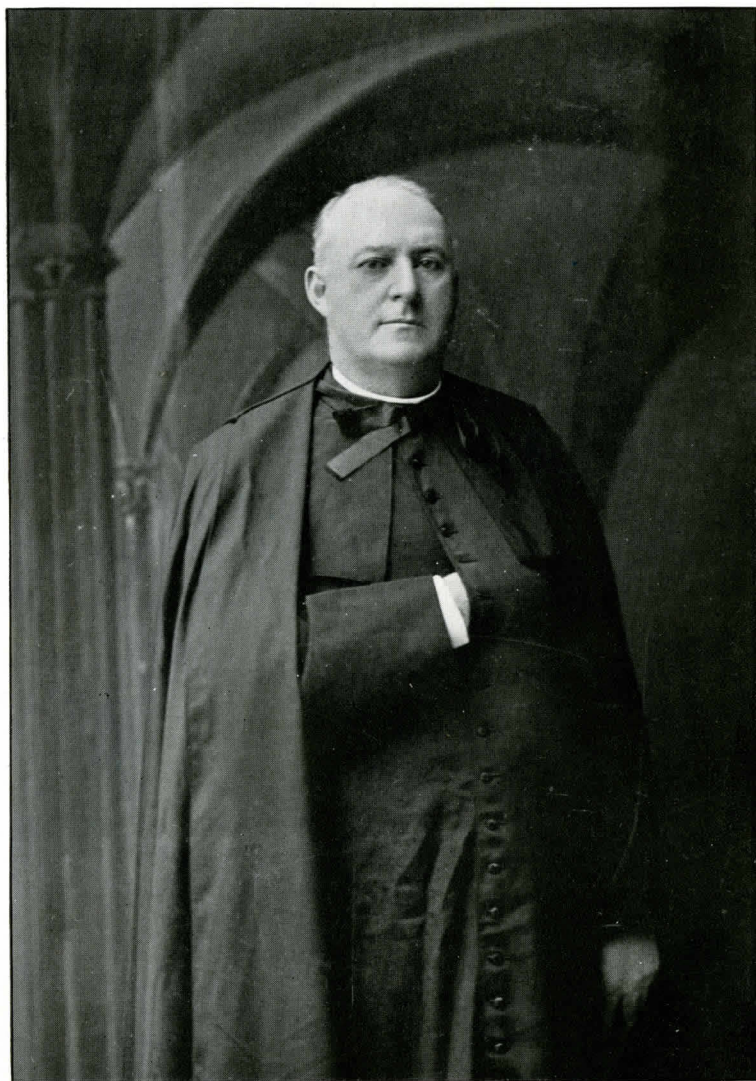
**Alma Mater**







MAURA HALL



REVEREND MICHAEL CARTHAGE O'FARRELL



’08

ANNALES

’18

## Reverend Michael Carthage O’Farrell

BORN, DECEMBER 12, 1844

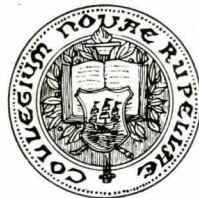
ORDAINED, JUNE 6, 1868

DIED, JANUARY 3, 1918

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE

1904—1918

His name will never be forgotten among us,  
for the memory of his holy life and deeds remains as a  
benediction on the halls of the College which he established, and  
which his generosity and benevolence did so much to maintain



## Officers of Administration

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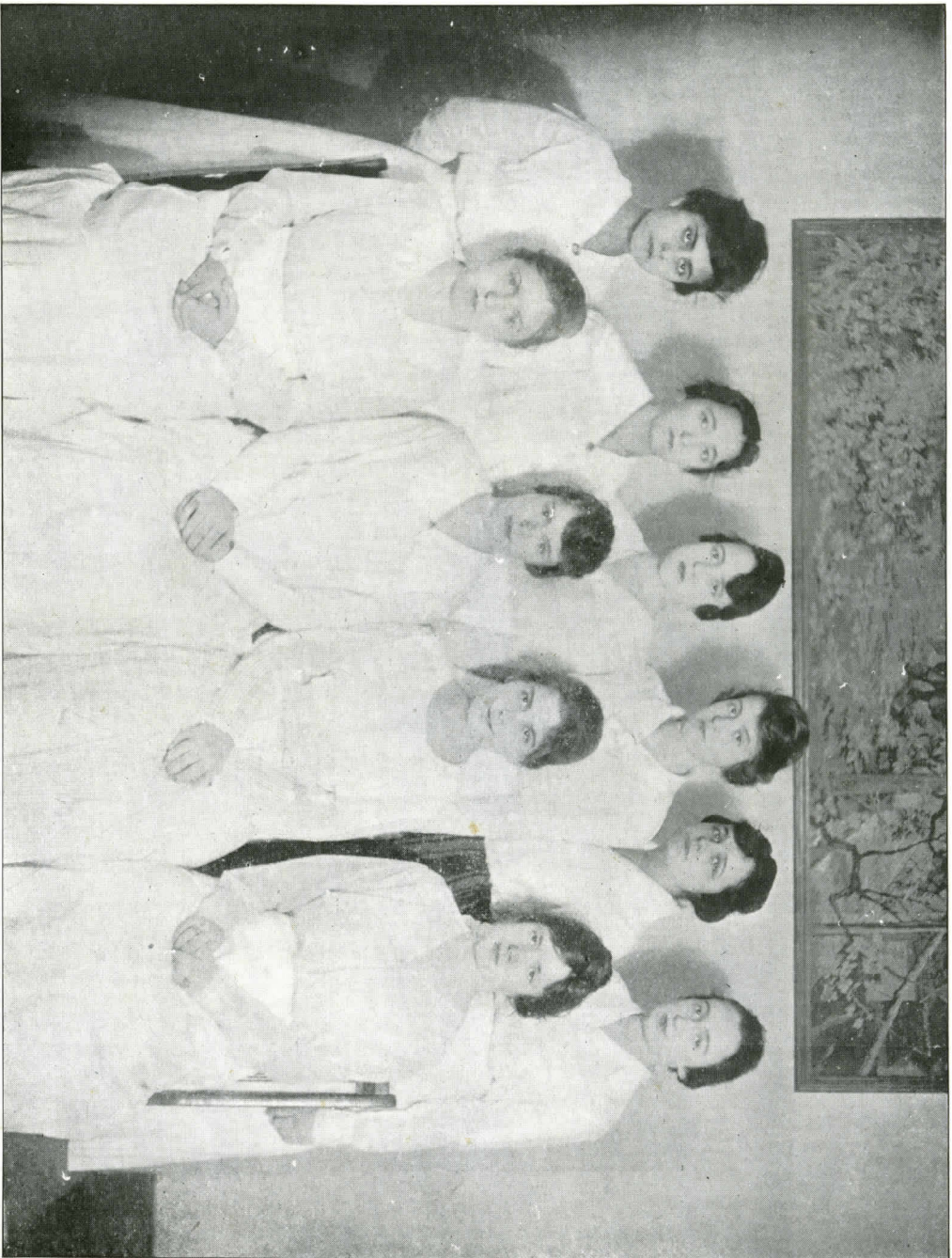
MICHAEL J. MULQUEEN

\* Deceased.



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- JOHN J. SCHULER, *Professor of History*. A.B., German Wallace, 1891; Johns Hopkins, '01-'04; Ph.D., Columbia, '00.
- MAXIMILIAN VON DER PORTEN, *Professor of Romance Languages*. Berlin, Lausanne, 1887-1902; Ph.D., Heidelberg, '02, Romance Languages and Philology, University of Paris, '02-'05; Oriental Languages and Literature, Vienna Budapest, 1906-1907.
- PHILIPPE DE LA ROCHELLE, *Professor of French*. Litt.B., St. Hyacinthe; Harvard, '94-'95; Instructor, Romance Languages and Literature, University of Pennsylvania, '05-'12; Columbia, '13-'15; Membre de la Societe Nationale des Professeurs de Francaise; Member of the Modern Language Association of America; Harvard Law School Club.
- JAMES I. CONWAY, *Professor of Mathematics*. A.B., Loyola, '05; LL.B., Fordham, '09.
- WILLIAM MCAULIFFE, *Professor of Science*. A.B., St. Francis Xavier, '05; Columbia, '13-'14.
- SEIGMUND GROSSKOPF, *Professor of Violin*. Raff Conservatory, Frankfort-on-Main, '97-'02; Hoch Conservatory; Musical Director with Henry W. Savage, '10-'12.
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- N. STUART SMITH, *Professor of Piano*. Institute of Musical Art, '05-'06; Dr. Goetchius, M. Stojowski; F. N. Reisberg, '04-'05; Madame Zeisler, '06-'08.
- EDNA HENRICH, *Professor of Spanish and German*. A.B., Kansas, '05; Maximilian's Universitat, Munich, '10-'12; Escuela Superior del Magisterio, Madrid, '12-'13; Columbia, '15-'16.
- ELLEN S. KEEGAN, *Instructor in Secretarial Studies*. B.S., Simmons, '15.
- ETHEL MAY BRICE, *Instructor in English*. Michigan State Normal College, '10; Michigan, '14.
- ESTELLE H. DAVIS, *Instructor in Oral English*. Washington School of Elocution, '86-'87; M. L. Jones School of Elocution, '88-'89; Fulton, '92-'93; G. Stebbins, '94-'95; F. L. Mackay, '96-'98; Neville School of Acting, London, '05-'06.
- WARNER M. HAWKINS, *Professor of Theory of Music*. Columbia, '06-'07; Ernesto Consolo, Lugano, Italy; Mrs. Edward MacDowell, Dr. Goetchius; Institute of Musical Art, '12-'14.
- MADAME ELISE GROSSKOPF, *Instructor in Voice*. Copenhagen Conservatory of Music, Madame Edward Grieg; Desiree Artot de Padilla, Paris, '95-'96.
- MARGARET HOBURG, *Instructor in Harp*. Vienna da Matta, Perlin, '07-'08; Harold Bauer, Wager Swayne, Paris, '09-'10; Annie Louise David, New York, '13-'14.
- MOTHER M. AGNES, *Directress of Music*. A. B., New Rochelle, '08; Dr. William Mason, '08; A. K. Virgil, '13-'17.
- A. K. VIRGIL, *Examiner for Certificates in Piano Course*.
- MOTHER M. LOYOLA, *Professor of Latin*. A.B., New Rochelle, '08;
- MOTHER M. XAVIER, *Professor of Sociology and Economics; Mistress of Studies*. A.B., New Rochelle, '09; Columbia, A.M., '10-'14.
- SISTER M. CEPHAS, *Instructor in Mathematics*. A.B., New Rochelle, '08; A.M., Columbia, '09.
- SISTER M. BERNADETTE, *Instructor in Music*. Piano, under A. K. Virgil, '13-'17.
- SISTER M. CLOTILDE, *Instructor in Music*.
- GENEVIEVE MCGUINNESS, *Instructor in Physical Education*.
- MOTHER M. DE SALES, *Mistress of Discipline*.



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ESMA BSHARAH, '19	<i>Vice-President</i>
EMILY HANNON, '19	<i>Treasurer</i>
AGNES MURPHY, '20	<i>Secretary</i>

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GERTRUDE A. FLEMING, '18	

### Junior Counsellors

PAULINE KEYES, '19	JULIA MURPHY, '19
ISABEL KELLY, '19	

### Sophomore Counsellors

ELIZABETH HURST, '20	ALICE BURNES, '20
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The Sodality of the Children of Mary was organized and affiliated with the Sodality at Rome in 1905. The late Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin was its first moderator. Miss Anna McLaughlin, now Sister Cephas, held the Presidency.

Two days of each scholastic year are set apart as Sodality Days. The first is December 8th, on which day, after a Solemn High Mass in the college chapel, the new aspirants are received into the Sodality. In the evening the Sodality Ball is held in Maura Hall. The second day comes early in Commencement Week and on that day comes the reward, in the form of a gold cross, to those Seniors who have faithfully attended Mass on the required number of week days during four years and who have lived up to the rest of the Sodality rules. This custom originated in 1908 when Miss Dorothy Brosmith, '11 (now Mrs. William McEvoy), was President.

The Sodality is the most flourishing organization in college and is the means of inculcating in the students those virtuous daily habits which in after life mark our graduates as true Catholic women and as worthy representatives of N. R. C.



ADVISORY BOARD

## Student Advisory Board

MARY McANIFF										<i>President</i>
HELEN M. CASEY										<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN HAYES										<i>Recording Treasurer</i>
TERESA REGAN										<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>

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MARY McANIFF	JANE MAHONEY
HELEN CASEY	LOUISE SCHLEICH
CHRISTINE FALLON	

### Junior Members

HELEN HAYES	HARRIET VLYMEN
CATHERINE BUCKLEY	

### Sophomore Members

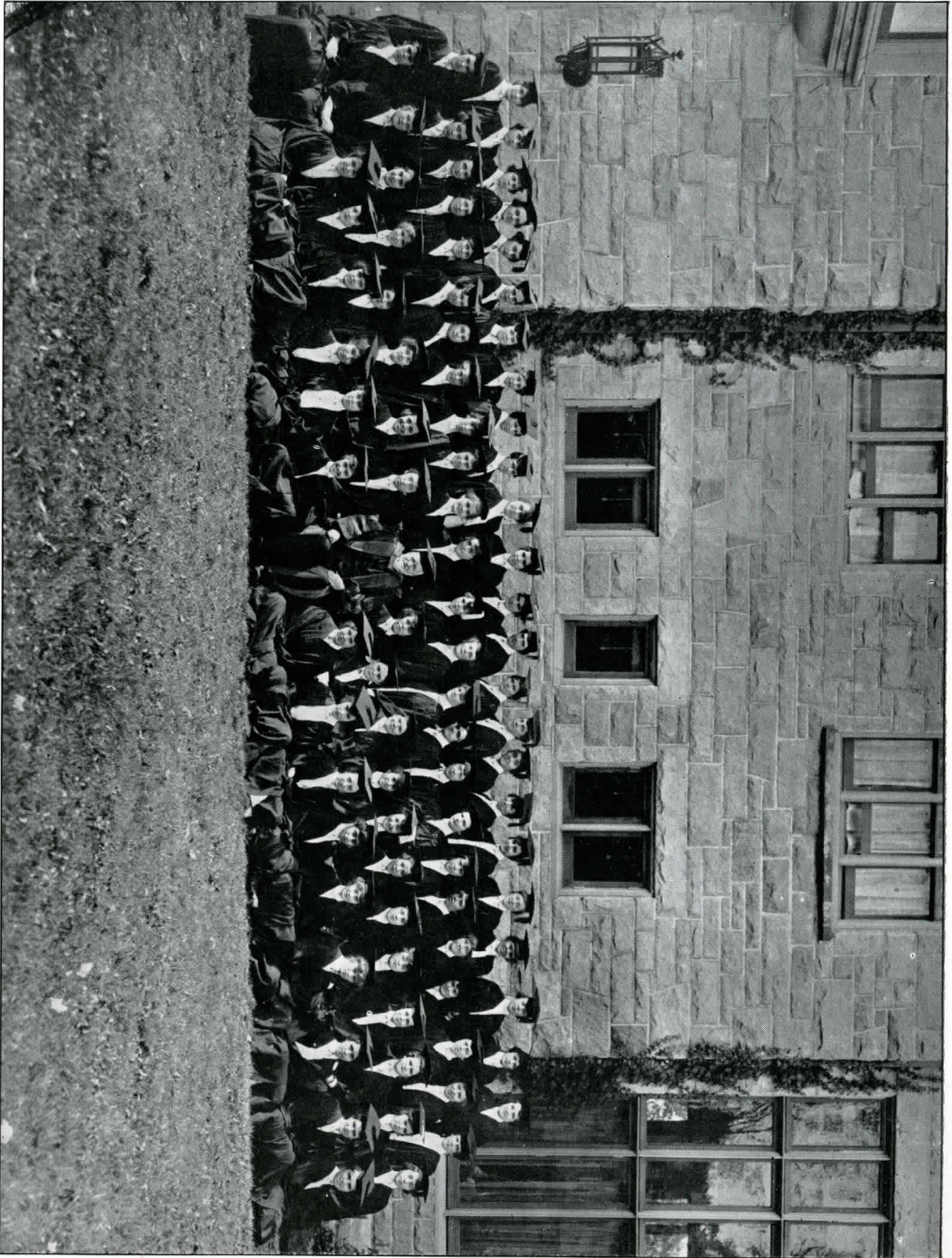
AGNES CLARY	TERESA REGAN
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### Freshman Members

RUTH LANDRY	MARY O'BRIEN
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The Student Advisory Board was founded in 1907 at the suggestion of Mother de Sales. The object of the Board is "to represent the students in the government of the College and to further in every way the interests of the students." The Mistress of Discipline and her assistant, two Seniors, two Juniors, one Sophomore and one Freshman composed the first Board. In 1911 the Board was enlarged to include the Mistress of Studies and the Day Scholar Representative. Today the Board includes all the original number and has added the President and Vice-President of the Freshman Class, two extra Senior Members and two Sophomore Members.





ALPHA ALPHA









## Alpha Alpha Philosophical Society

MARIE KIERAN

*President*

MARGUERITE DOYLE

*Vice-President*

M. EUNICE TIMMONS

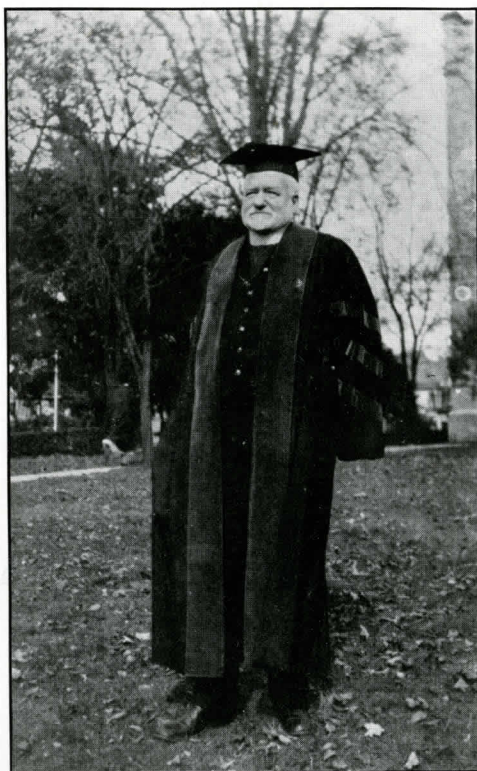
*Secretary*

GERTRUDE MCGOVERN

*Treasurer*

MARY KERNAN

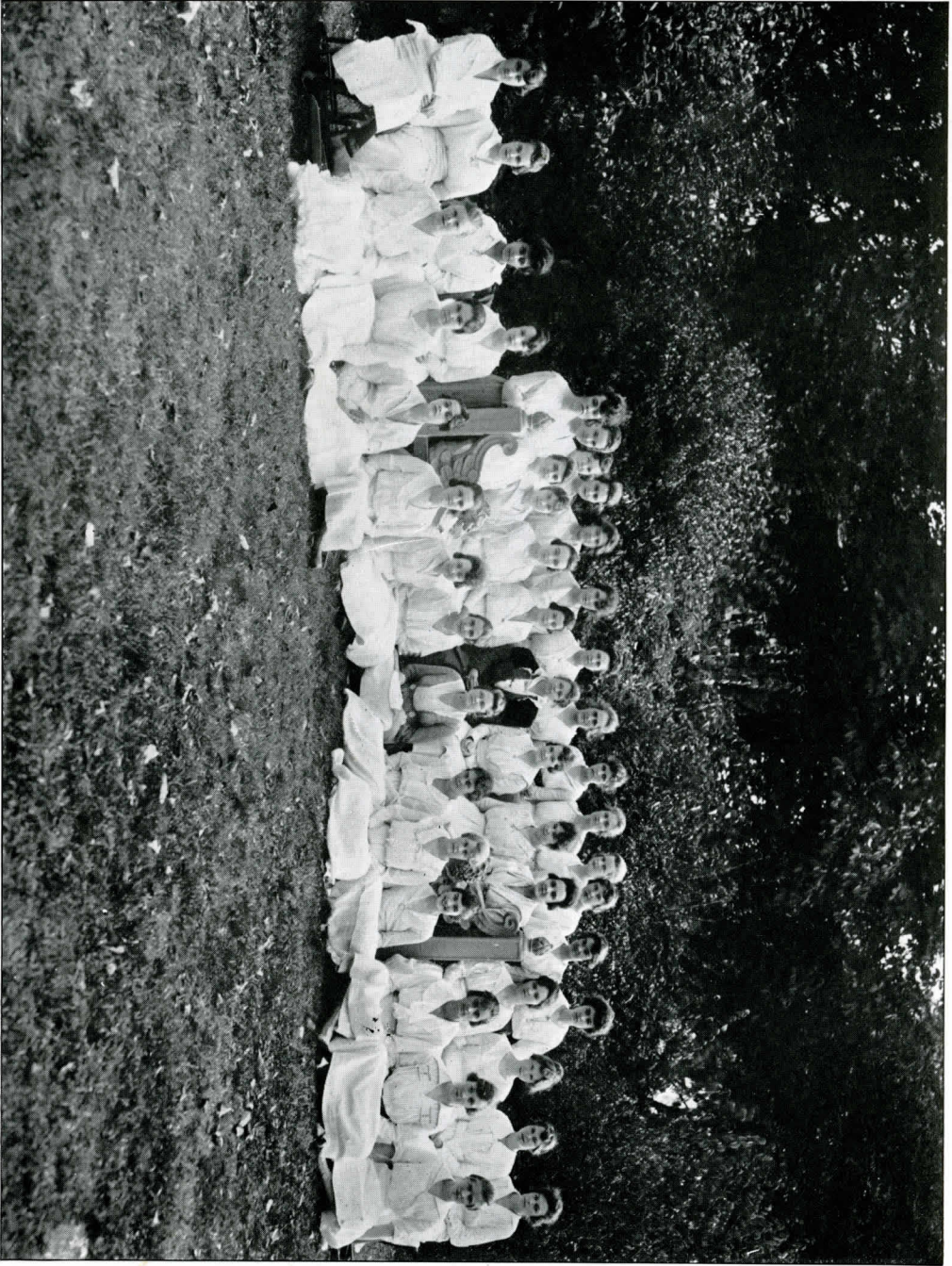
*Mistress of Ceremonies*



Alpha Alpha was organized in 1907 by Father Halpin who continues to be its moving spirit. The object of the Society is "to foster interest in Mental Philosophy whether encountered in classroom, work, history or current discussion." Membership is open only to upper classmen.

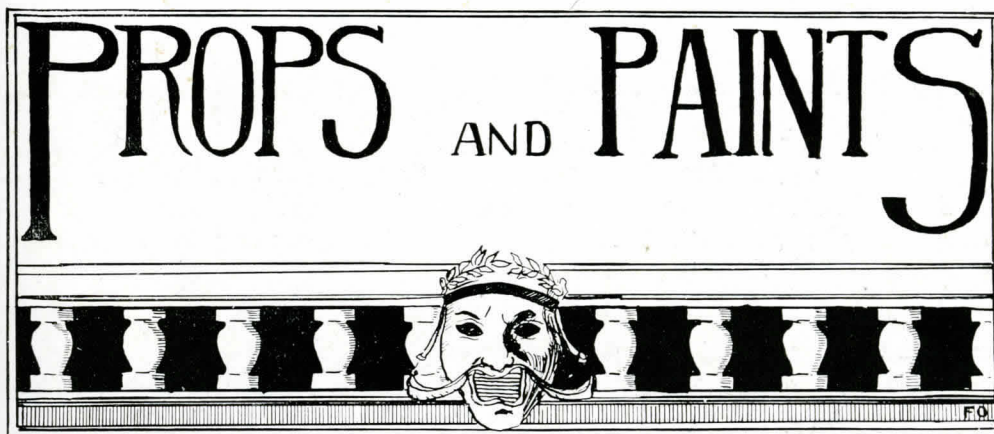
The Society meets bi-monthly on Monday evenings in the large reception room of the "Castle" and listens to resumès of the past two weeks' work in Logic and Philosophy, read by Junior and Senior members. Vital topics are then considered and open discussion is allowed. The meetings, always interesting, have become especially popular this year because of the energy and the enterprising spirit of the President, Miss Kieran.

The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, on March 7th, is set aside as "Alpha Alpha Day" and, in honor of the Society's patron saint, a holiday is granted to Juniors and Seniors.



“PROPS AND PAINT”





## Officers

DOROTHY D. DONOVAN, '18	President
HELEN M. CLOSS, '18	Secretary
MARY J. SHAUGHNESSY, '19	Treasurer
M. LORETTA BRANON, '18	Mistress of Properties
MARIE ROHN, '19	Mistress of Wardrobe
VIRGINIA WALDRON	Press Agent
ANNE GUILFOYLE	Musical Director
ESTELLE H. DAVIS	Coach
MOTHER M. LOYOLA	Moderator

The Dramatic Society of the College of New Rochelle was organized in 1906 under Miss Mary Conklin, '09. The year of its organization the Society produced two plays, "The Princess," and "As You Like It." For the following three years the Society contented itself with displaying its talent merely on campus, but in 1909 the mid-year play was held in New York City in the Waldorf-Astoria, and from that year dates the custom of producing the mid-year play in the city and the June or Senior play on campus.

In the spring of 1909 the campus play was Racine's "Iphigenia"; in mid-winter, 1910, "Twelfth Night" was given at the Waldorf-Astoria.



Nineteen hundred eleven marked an epoch in the dramatic history of the college for, in that year, Mrs. Estelle H. Davis became Instructor of Oral English and Dramatic Coach, and at the present time, Mrs. Davis is (*deo gratias*) still with us. The mid-winter play, given that year in the Carnegie Lyceum, was “Much Ado About Nothing,” and the June play was Rostand’s “Fantastics.”

In 1912 the custom of having the Junior and the Sophomore members of “Props and Paint” appear in separate productions was established and is still observed. The “Taming of the Shrew” was portrayed in the Carnegie Lyceum in February of that year, and the “King Rene’s Daughter” of Henrik Herz was enacted on campus in May.

The following year saw Moliere’s “Learned Ladies” at mid-year in the Plaza, and the Electra of Sophocles on May 28th. In 1914 Schiller’s “Mary Stuart” was given in mid-winter. Three years ago—1915—“The Rivals”, Sheridan, given first in New York, was repeated on April 23d at Germania Hall, New Rochelle, for the benefit of the Catholic Protective Society of the Archdiocese of New York.

In 1914 and in 1915 the campus play was given in the evening. The eastern side of the campus was strung with small electric lights from tree to tree, and over the natural stage formed by a broad bank with a background of lilac bushes, great arc lights were hung. Here “As You Like It” was produced in 1914, and “Love’s Labour’s Lost” in 1915.

At the Plaza, on Feb. 12, 1916, “Props and Paint” presented “The Tempest,” and for their campus play, the Seniors gave Rostand’s “Romancers.” Last year three short plays were given at the Plaza, and an Irish play “The Twig of Thorn” was the June production.

So that up to this year “Props and Paint” has faithfully persevered in the traditions established in its pioneer days; but since the coming of war into this peaceful world, and since these are the days of “doing one’s bit,” the Dramatic Society this year forsook its habits of peaceful times and did its bit. On February 8, 1918, three sketches, coached as usual by Mrs. Davis, were presented in New Rochelle in the Knights of Columbus Hall for the benefit of the Knights of Columbus War Fund. The performance was especially successful and a large sum of money was realized. After the plays, the usual dance took place.

This is the history of “Props and Paint,” up to date and, with such a past, one cannot but be assured of the future fame and success of anything “Props and Paint” may undertake.



DRAMATICS





ANNALS STAFF



# “Annales”

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MARIE F. KIERAN



## The Saint Angela Quarterly

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VIRGINIA WALDRON, '19

HELEN GILL, '20

ELIZABETH STETSON, '20

Official college magazine; first issued in June, 1905.



## The Saint Angela Quarterly

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CHRISTINE FALLON, '18

MARIE ROONEY, '18

MAY MAHONEY, '19

PAULINE KEYES, '19

ANNA MANNING, '19

MARION CRONIN, '20

The duty of the Business Staff of the *Quarterly* is, of course, to uphold the business side of publishing the magazine and, to this end, a store has always been maintained in the Gymnasium Building since the building was erected. One could not follow the intricate mazes of the early development of the store; suffice it to say that in 1918 the *Quarterly* occupies a large portion of the ground floor of the gym, and is a completely equipped store of many departments—(soap, soup, shoe-laces; stationery, confectionery; hardware, hammers, tacks); software (banners, college pillows, gum-drops!).





### The Choir

IRENE E. MULCAHY, '18 .  
 MARY MAHONEY, '19 .  
 ALICE BURNES, '20 .  
 MOTHER M. AGNES .

*Choir Mistress*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*  
*Moderator*

### College Orchestra

M. LORETTA BRANON, '18 .  
 MOLLY HOPPER, '19 .  
 HELEN MCKENNA, '19 .  
 ISABEL J. KELLY, '19 .  
 LORETTA BRANON, '18 .  
 HELEN CLOSS, '18 .  
 HARRY SIX .  
 SIEGMUND GROSSKOPH .

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*  
*Director of Mandolins*  
*Director of Guitars*  
*Instructor of Orchestra*  
*Instructor of Violins*

### Glee Club

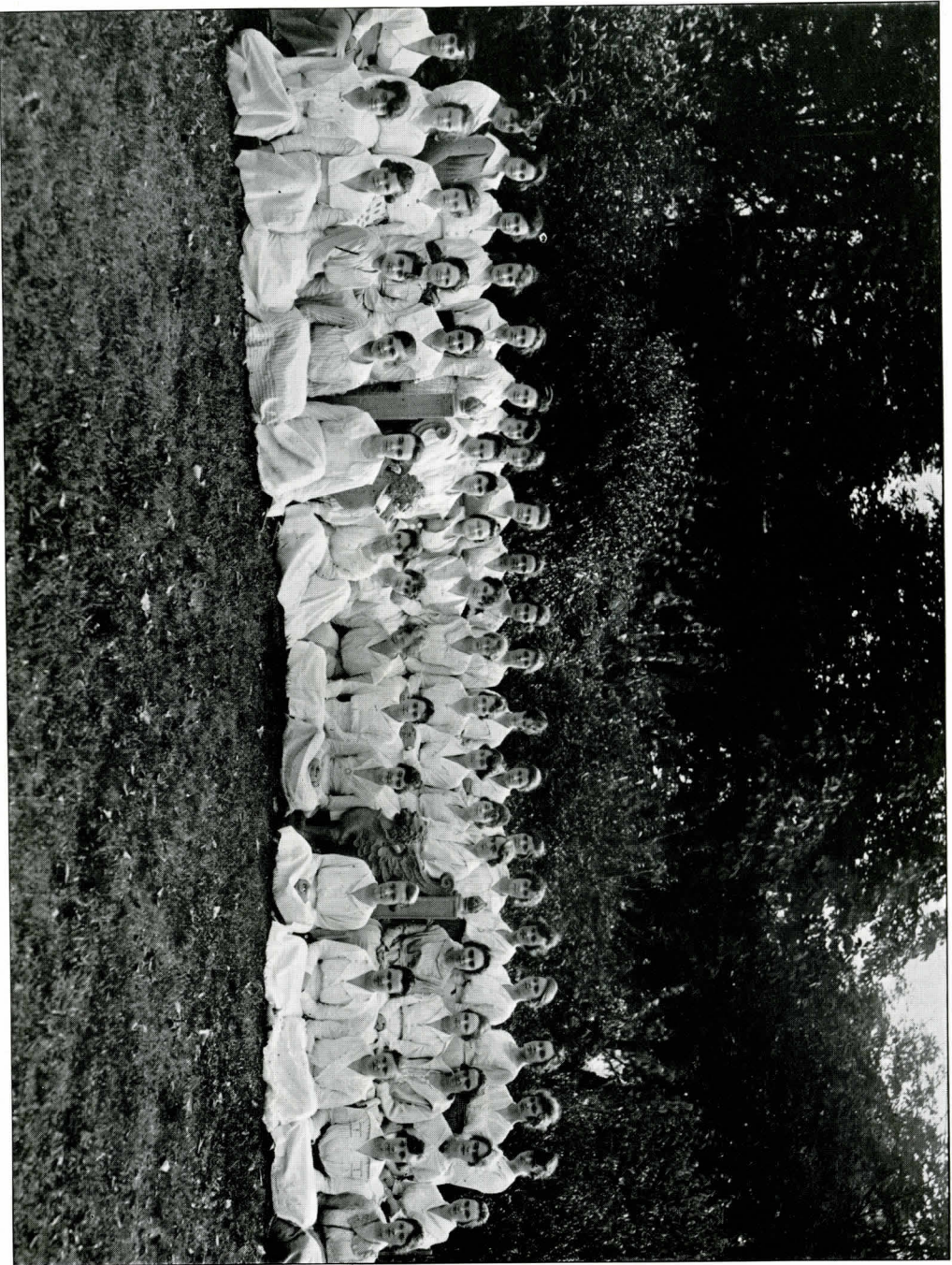
IRENE MULCAHY, '18 .  
 HELEN CLOSS, '18 .  
 MARY MAHONEY, '19 .  
 HELEN CANNING, '20 .  
 D. J. RYAN }  
 M. H. HOPPER }  
 M. CRONIN }  
 MOLLY HOPPER .  
 MOTHER M. AGNES .

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*  
  
*Representatives*  
  
*Accompanist*  
*Moderator*



THE CHOIR





GLEE CLUB





ORCHESTRA



# Wearers of the N. R.

1918

EUNICE TIMMONS

DOLLY RYAN

LORETTA BRANON

1919

VIRGINIA WALDRON

MARY GUILFOYLE

HELEN HAYES

HARRIET VLYMEN

1920

HELEN GILL

LORETTA HENDRICK







JUNIOR TEAM

## Junior Team

VIRGINIA WALDRON, *Captain*

HELEN MCKENNA, *Manager*

ANNE MAXCY

KATHLEEN TIGHE

MARY GUILFOYLE

HELEN HAYES

HARRIET VLYMEN





SOPHOMORE TEAM

## Sophomore Team

LORETTA HENDRICKS, *Captain*

ELIZABETH STETSON, *Manager*

HELEN GILL

MARY ROONEY

TERESA REGAN

JULIE McDONALD



FRESHMAN TEAM

## **Freshman Team**

CARYL HENZE, *Captain*

CATHERINE HOWLEY, *Manager*

MARY MAHER

ELIZABETH McHUGH

CATHERINE MARTIN

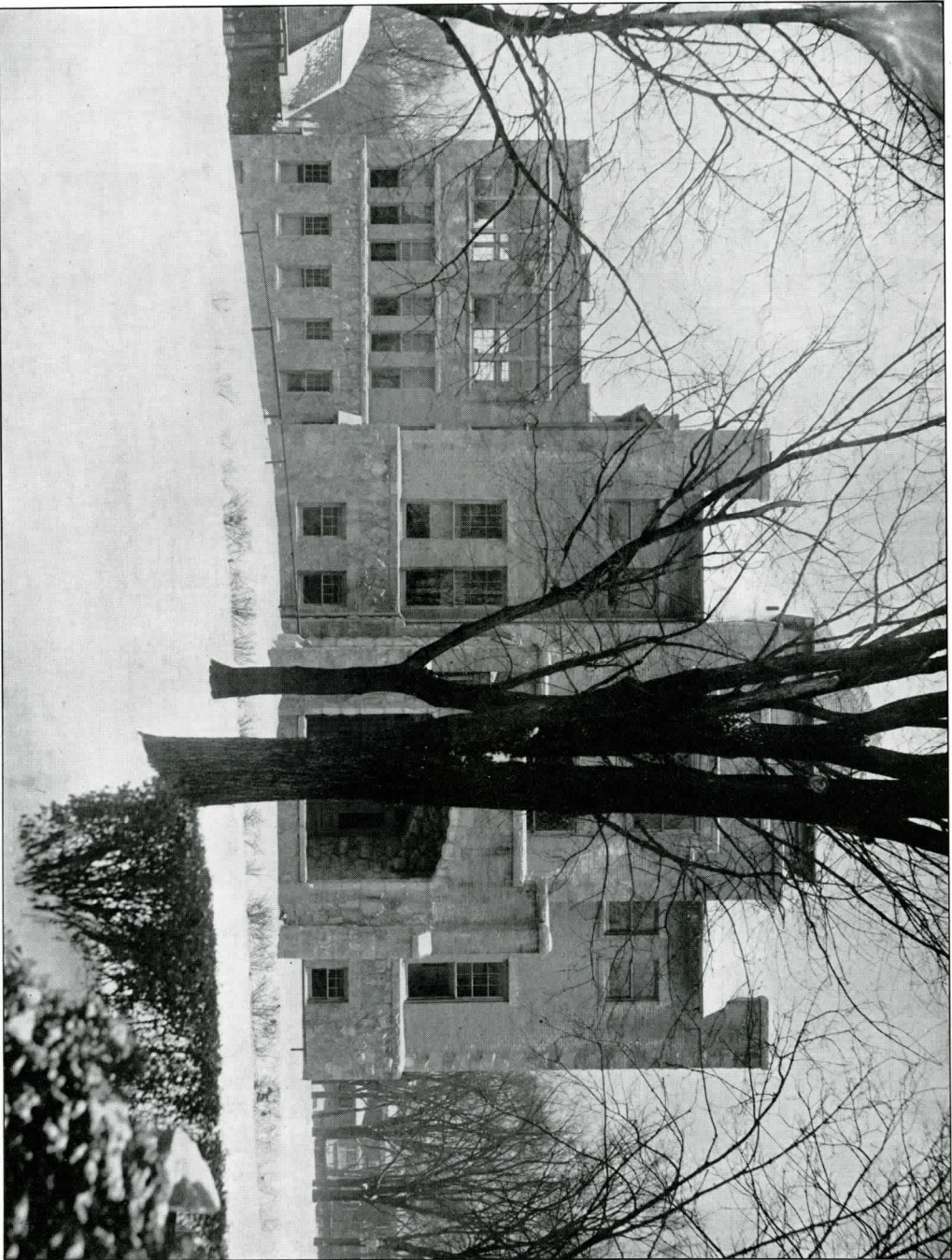
GRACE RYAN

LILLIAN BUENO



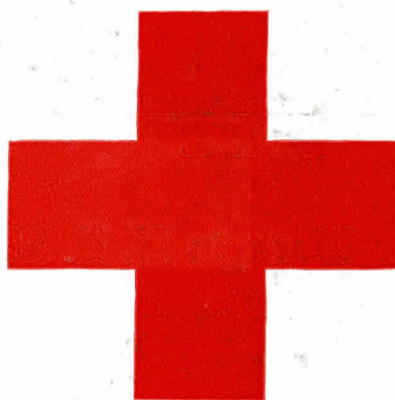






GYMNASIUM BUILDING







FIRST AID

## War Work in N. R. C.

Immediately after the declaration of war, last spring, a course in First Aid was given at the College under the auspices of the New Rochelle Chapter, Westchester Branch of the National Red Cross Society. The course, which had been started through the enterprise of the students, was given by Dr. Paul B. Fitzgerald who is now in France with the Westchester Unit Hospital, Unit B. Twenty-five students attended the lectures. Miss Elisabeth Brady, '18, was President of the Class and Miss Marie Kieran, '18, the Secretary.

In the fall of 1917 an independent auxiliary was formed in the College. A large room in the Gymnasium Building has been fitted up for the Red Cross, and here the work of making surgical dressing is carried on every morning and every afternoon, not only by the College students but by the New Rochelle members of the Catholic Woman's League. There are over one hundred student members in this auxiliary and the interest the girls take in the work, while having its foundation in patriotism, is due to a great extent to the unflagging energy of Mother M. Loyola, Moderator of the Unit. Miss Helen Cogan, '19, is President and Miss Gertrude Fleming, '18, is Vice-President.

At Christmas time one hundred comfort kits were fitted up by the students and were sent to the soldiers in camp.

The proceeds from the mid-year play were turned over by "Props and Paint" to the Knights of Columbus War Fund.

A course in Dietetics was opened at the beginning of the Second Semester, and this course is supplemented by lectures given by Mother M. Xavier, Professor of Sociology.

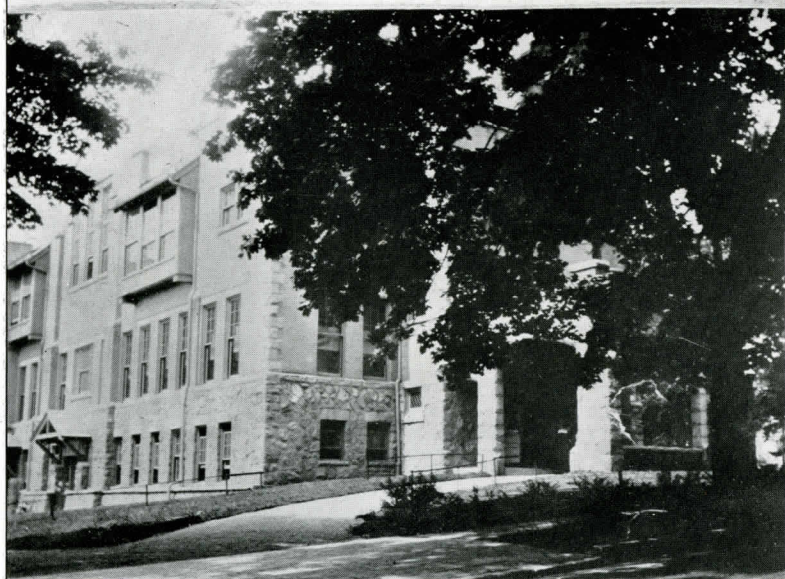
It is needless to add that hundreds of knitted articles have been supplied during the year by the industrious knitters—who comprise almost the entire college. So that N. R. C. is trying to do its share of the work that must be done at home, and neither will it cease its efforts till there is no more need for the things of war and till our thoughts and energies can turn freely to pleasanter things.





N. R. C. RED CROSS UNIT

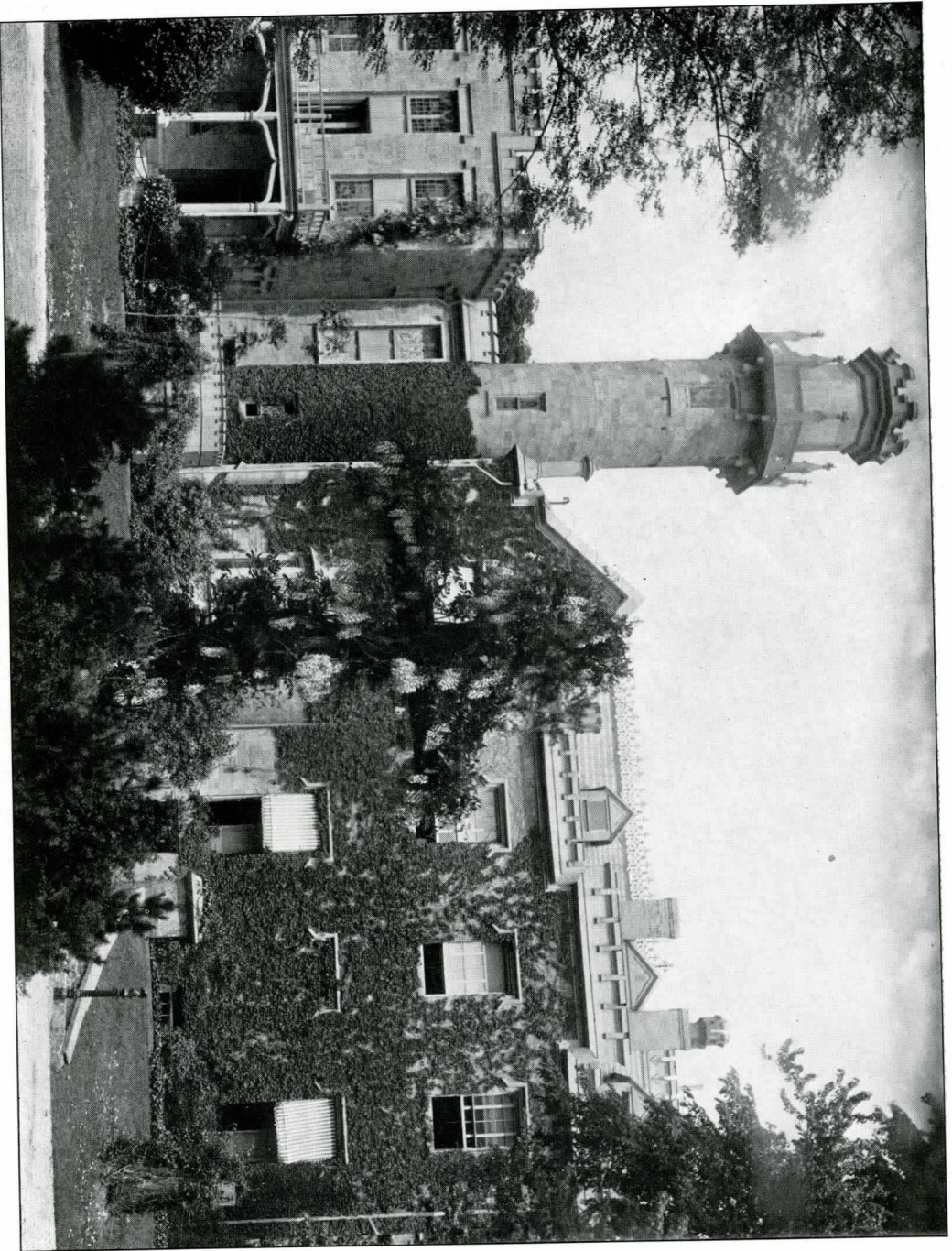












"HERE'S TO THE CAMPUS CROSS"  
HERE'S TO THE CASTLE TOWER



## 1918's Banner Song

There is a college we would toast—  
 Not so very far away—  
 Of our loyalty to it we could boast,  
 For it grows stronger, day by day.  
 What friends we've known,  
 What deeds we've done,  
 Within its old Gym walls,  
 The classes here, the classes gone,  
 All answer to the call of—

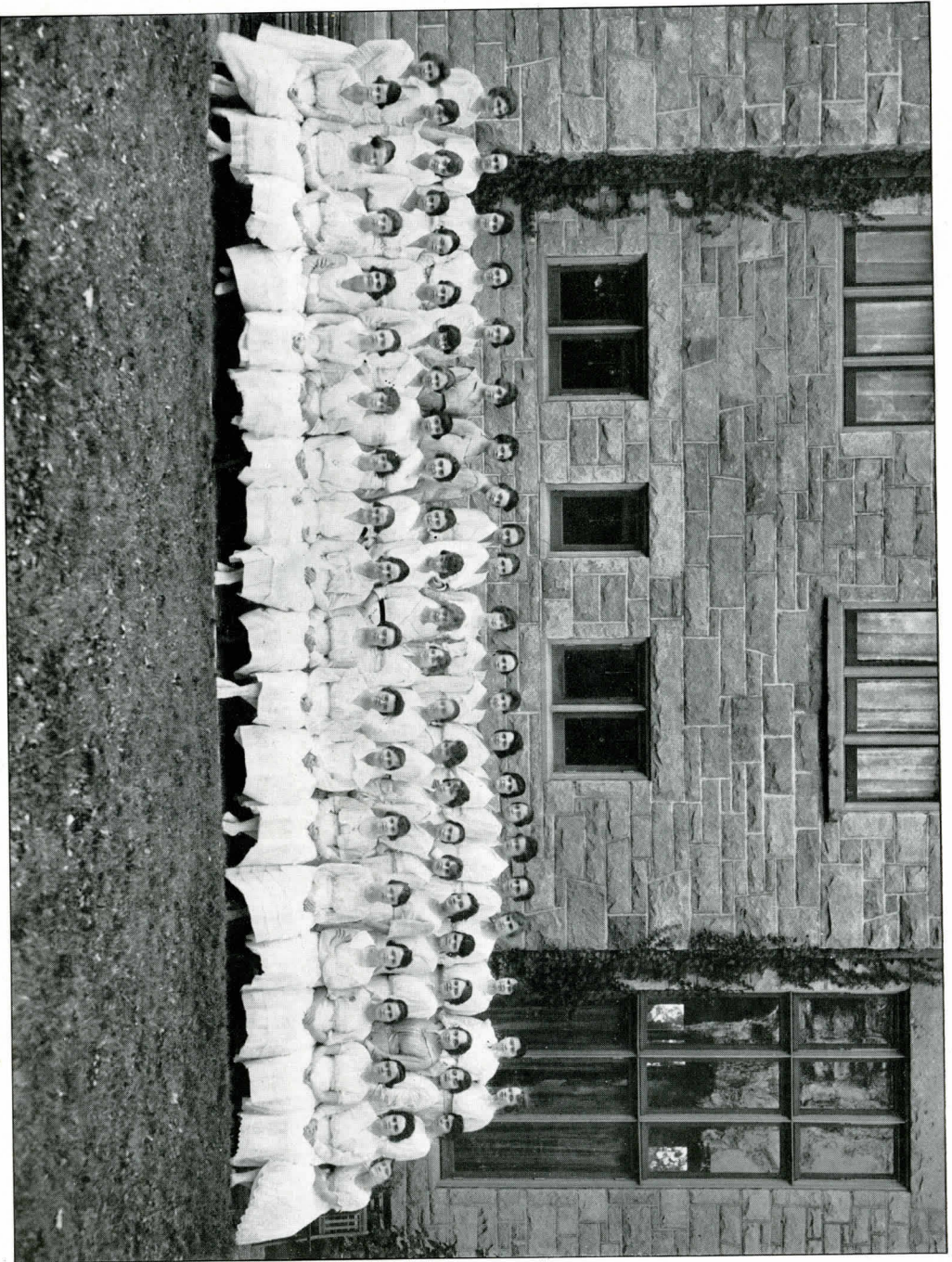
Alma Mater, here's a toast to you!  
 Hail to New Rochelle!  
 To your banners with their White and Blue—  
 Banners we love so well.  
 Here's to the Campus Cross,  
 Here's to the Castle Tower,  
 Here's to the tales that they could tell,  
 Alma Mater, here's a toast to you!  
 Hail to New Rochelle!





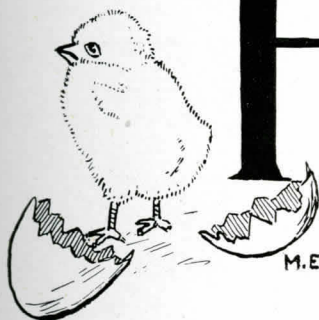






CLASS OF 1921





# FRESHMAN - 1921 -

Court of Queen Futurista, last of a long line of rulers over Nemohomia, a territory prohibited to all men.

Time is about 2100 A. D.

FUTURISTA (to hand-maiden, Modernista): Alas! I am weary of this world, O faithful Modernista! Welcome will be the day when these sad flesh shall have shrunk beneath the lash of adversity for the last time. In spite of titanic struggles, my poor land seems unimproved. Aye, 'twould seem an abject failure.

MODERNISTA: Fair Queen, it doth not appear fitting to me that thou should be judged a failure! Hast thou not continued to keep thy kingdom free from that infamous creature, Man, in accordance with thy ancestor's custom?

FUTURISTA: Yes, I have at least done that much for the betterment of my sisters. Yet, Modernista, I should like to know what women accomplished in the many years that have fled, what they did, what they thought—

(A great clamor is heard without. Two attendants of the Queen drag in a man, captive, and in chains.)

ATTENDANT: In accordance with thy most sacred orders, O Queen of lofty majesty, we have captured this creature who calls himself man and brought him hither to judgment.

FUTURISTA: He seemeth right gentle to me, not as I have pictured him. Are you sure 'tis a man?

MODERNISTA: Alack! good Queen, did woman ever wear such idiotic raiment? Yea, his clothing does bespeak him as the feathers bespeak the bird. A man he is, indeed.

FUTURISTA (musingly): And yet—somehow—I am loath to have him killed without offering at least one chance to save his miserable body. Speak, wretch, couldst thou sing a song of such merit that we might be thrilled thereby and be forced to surrender?

MAN: Majestic One, were I to sing and likewise to compose my song, and thou wert to make the punishment fit the crime, human ingenuity and power of contrivance wouldst of necessity fail in wroughting a punishment worthy. But I could tell thee a tale of lives that would make thy own achievements pale and insignificant. 'Tis a tale of maidens who dwelt almost two hundred years ago in a very distant village.

FUTURISTA: Thou art haughty indeed, for a captive! But, speak, my curiosity leads me to leniency.

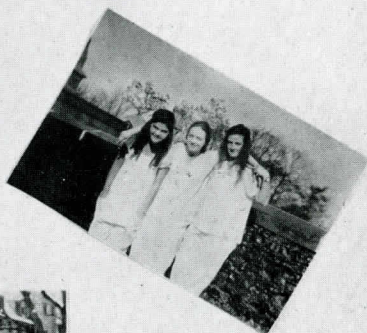
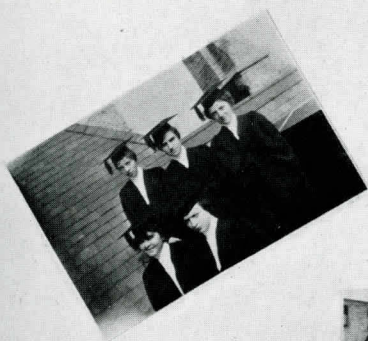
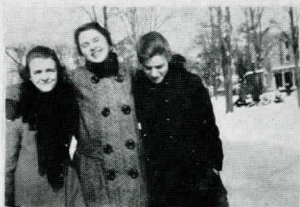
MAN: Full two hundred years ago in the town of New Rochelle there flourished a splendid institution for the furthering of knowledge. Here, yearly, many maidens came in the pursuit of learning. In the year 1917, they say, there came a group that proved at least worthy of a slight history. O Queen, even thy majesty would have lost some of its weight in the presence of those maids in cap and gown. Never has thy mediocre court known a scene of such solemn dignity and grandeur as Founder's Day within those walls of grey!

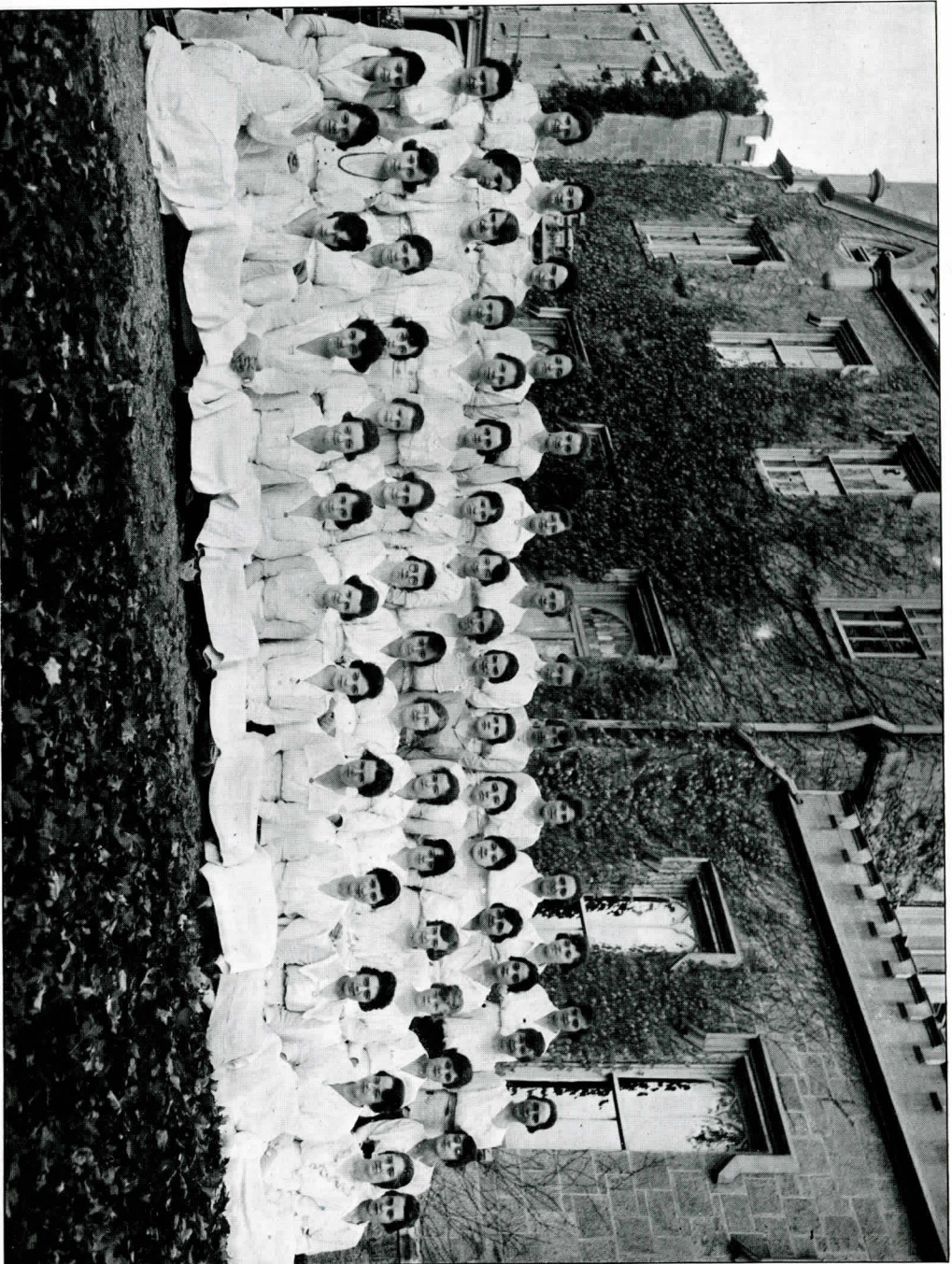
If thou could even imagine such happy, festive times as those Junior and Sophomore times, I think more love would be thine from these sad-eyed subjects. Couldst thy jesters and court wits make such jibes as were heard on that thirtieth of October, thou wouldst not be this yawning victim of ennui. And couldst thou have maids tall and stately, bright and witty, sweet and jolly, demure but efficient withal, perhaps this government of thine would not be weak and tottering. For thou hast made a mistake. Thou hast concentrated? Certainly. But on the wrong idea. Man was not made for extermination, nor woman's mind for dull inertia. Education is what you need, you and all of your subjects. Thou hast dwelt on one idea to the exclusion of others.

FUTURISTA: Enough! thou hast spoken truth and a Queen can learn a lesson. I shall remember your story, sir. You are free to go as you wish. But tell me first, if you please, some plan by which I can make my maids like those of nineteen twenty-one.









CLASS OF 1920





# SOPHOMORE -1920-

In September, 1916, (it now seems so long ago that the minute details are lost in the dim dawn of antiquity) 1920 made its advent. Some of the girls were a little previous and arrived a week before College opened—others were more leisurely disposed and appeared on the scene just before the Christmas holidays.

The majority, however, timid, a trifle homesick and very expectant, came on the day the schedule stated. But that was only the first year.

When 1920 returned from its first summer vacation, the scene was quite different. This time the September entry was a home-coming. Cries of joy and wild embraces denoted that an "American College Woman" had met a fellow companion. Bedlam reigned as they discussed the happenings of the summer. While some talked, their friends sat gripping the sides of the chair waiting for an opportunity to burst into speech. Others talked on in unison without paying the slightest attention to what the other was saying. Such is the first night after vacation.

The Freshmen were carefully observed and commented on. Some with a critical eye for beauty, others athletically inclined and therefore with a thirst for gore, surveyed them as foes about to be girded for the terrific combat of the spring.

After a mental strain of preparing programmes and arranging courses had passed, the Sophomores gave the Freshmen a party. Many a Sophomore racked her brains for a topic of conversation as she steered and piloted a verdant Freshman through the dances.

"Do you like college?"—eager Soph.

"Yes."—winsome young thing.

"Are you having a good time?"

"Yes."

"Isn't the war fearful?"

"Yes."

Long pause after this heavy success, then—

"It is a little lonesome when you are first away from home, isn't it?"

"Umm."

At this point most people with inventive powers short of Edison's give up in despair.

In spite of these drawbacks the evening was very enjoyable.

Just before Thanksgiving the gay young Sophomores became just a little too gay and decided to "wake the Freshmen up", literally and figuratively.

One frosty morning a shivering band of desperadoes in kimonos crept stealthily up the tower stairs on mischief bent. Von Hindenburg never planned an attack more skillfully. They divided their forces—four to a room and two to a cot. At a given signal they entered the rooms, hurled the Freshmen amazed, shivering into the center of the room and vanished into the night.

The Freshmen returned the compliment a few nights later and so noisily that the two classes were campused and the Sophomores were suspended as a result. Their weapon was a fiendish concoction of flour and water. If you are ever aroused in the cold grey of a winter morning by something cold striking your head and rolling down your neck, and spend the next few hours picking paste out of your hair—well, you will understand our position.

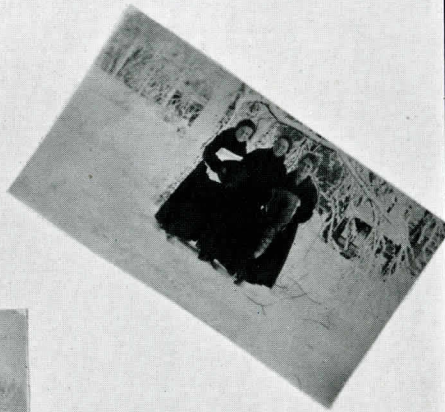
The Sophomore Play was a great success. It consisted of several little playlets which were stories of Colonial times.

In fact, everything that 1920 has undertaken has been a success—mid-years, the eagerly awaited meet—the whole of our Sophomore year.

And we would end the year that sees our sister class depart, with the hope that the two college years still to come for 1920 will be as happy as the two college years that have gone.





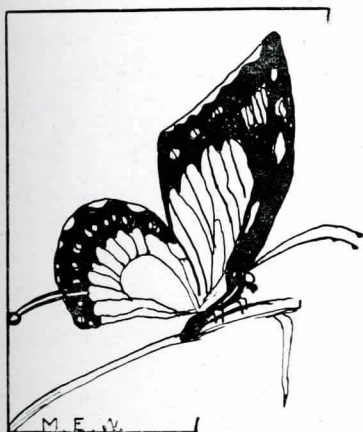






CLASS OF 1919





# JUNIOR J-1919-R

## Junior Biology Notes

(Apologies to Professor McAuliffe)

### CHAPTER 3

We now turn to the study of that far famed class, numerically known as 1919. Because it refuses to be Overlooked, and can not be Forgotten, it has been chosen as a peculiarly favorable specimen for scientific observation.

In Professorial Circles, '19 has been compared to our respected Egyptian friend—the sphinx. This comparison is justified.

1. Because of that tantalizing look of untold wisdom with which '19 greets all questions—"Examine-kind" and otherwise.
2. Because of the inscrutable grin with which it answers—Nothing!\*

Also, among the Bourgeoise, '19 has been likened unto a Feather-bed! Because when it is stepped on in one place it pops up in another.

#### General Structure:

1919 is a body composed of separate independent Somites. These vary in number during the four stages of metamorphosis. In the present—or Junior—stage, the Somites number fifty-one. They are exceptionally good Somites, in that they possess the three requisites for a Perfect and Harmonious Whole, i. e., *Unity, Adherence and Pep.*

#### Digestive System:

Divided into:

##### A. Physical digestion—

Operates chiefly after 10 P. M.

First aid occasionally received in form of strawberry short-cakes (which '20 intended for strictly *Home Consumption!*).

##### B. Mental digestion—

Chief nourishment is leaves—book-leaves. This staple food is partaken of twice a year regularly—in February and June. At other times, '19 in self-mortification (?) practices an almost total abstinence. (This custom is not universally approved. Some have even been unkind enough to hint that it makes for "Mediocrity." However—this is not Germane.)

#### System of Circulation:

It has often been declared that 1919 has the best and most efficient methods of Circulation ever introduced into any N. R. class room. Like the Worm, '19 has two distinct systems.

1. Open system—is easily detected by the naked eye. Works to best advantage in large spaces—such as the Gymnasium, or the History Room.
2. Closed system—practically invaluable as a means of communication between different Somites. By means of this Closed Circulation, notes and other articles are passed along by wave-like movements until they reach their destination. This system is complicated and its course is very difficult to trace.

During this third stage of its existence, a curious phenomenon occurred. Shortly before Easter, after an anxious period of waiting and uncertainty, each Somite developed a Ring—green gold in color, and having on its lateral sides the impression of a Sphinx. "Mum's the Word! "

#### General History:

On September 24, having duly arrived in New Rochelle, 1919's first act was to inspect herself, and lo! she had acquired four new members! In great glee, '19 then proceeded to investigate her surroundings, and the first thing her eye lit upon was something large, unwieldy and—Bashful! 1919 looked long and looked hard, and concluded she was gazing at her younger sister—1921! Her conclusion proving correct,

\* Embarrassing *Conditions* often arise as a result of this silence.

she straightway invited the Freshmen to a Lollypop Party (you see, '19 did not know yet about *The Blue Blood!*). By the time the last lollypop and ice cream-cone had disappeared, '21 was no longer homesick, and she retired for the night, in love with College in general, and the Juniors in Particular (?).

Busy weeks passed—for '19 is studying nowadays. And then came Investiture when the Juniors invested the Freshmen in cap and gown, as they sang

"Freshmen, dear Freshmen, look back upon tonight,

When to cap and gown, we bestowed on you the right"—

Then, mid the flickering lights of the Junior torches, '19 and '21 pledged loyalty to each other and to New Rochelle, and '21 was formally received by Alma Mater.

Soon after this 1919 gave a practical proof of both College Spirit and patriotism by purchasing two Liberty Bonds, one of which she presented to the College. And as the ultimate proof of her patriotism, '19 sacrificed the biggest and most anticipated event in her college career—the Junior Prom.

However, all social activities were not neglected, as our pleasant memories of the Junior-Freshman Reception and the Freshman-Junior Dance will testify.

1919 now turned her attention to Dramatics, and shortly before Easter the Junior members of "Props and Paint" presented "Good Friday." In this play, the high standard of Dramatic excellence which '19 set for itself in Sophomore year with the production of "The Upper Room" was fully equalled if not surpassed. What more *could* be said!

In between times, '19 played basketball—with the result that it still holds the title inherited from 1915, of "the team that was never defeated."

They say that "everything comes to him who waits," and so, eventually, Junior Week finally arrived and will always remain one of the high lights in '19's highly-colored existence. The Class Play was given during this week, and the Juniors fully lived up to their reputation gained in Freshman year for clever songs and choruses. The chorus of "block heads" was singularly appealing to the majority of the audience.

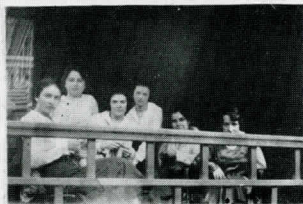
And last but not least, is recorded '19's minstrel show which was given on May Day according to the custom established in Sophomore year. The song hits in the minstrel were many and varied, and the "Review of Reviews" was as usual a howling success.

And so—even as the minstrel show—ends Junior year, with those famous sentiments:

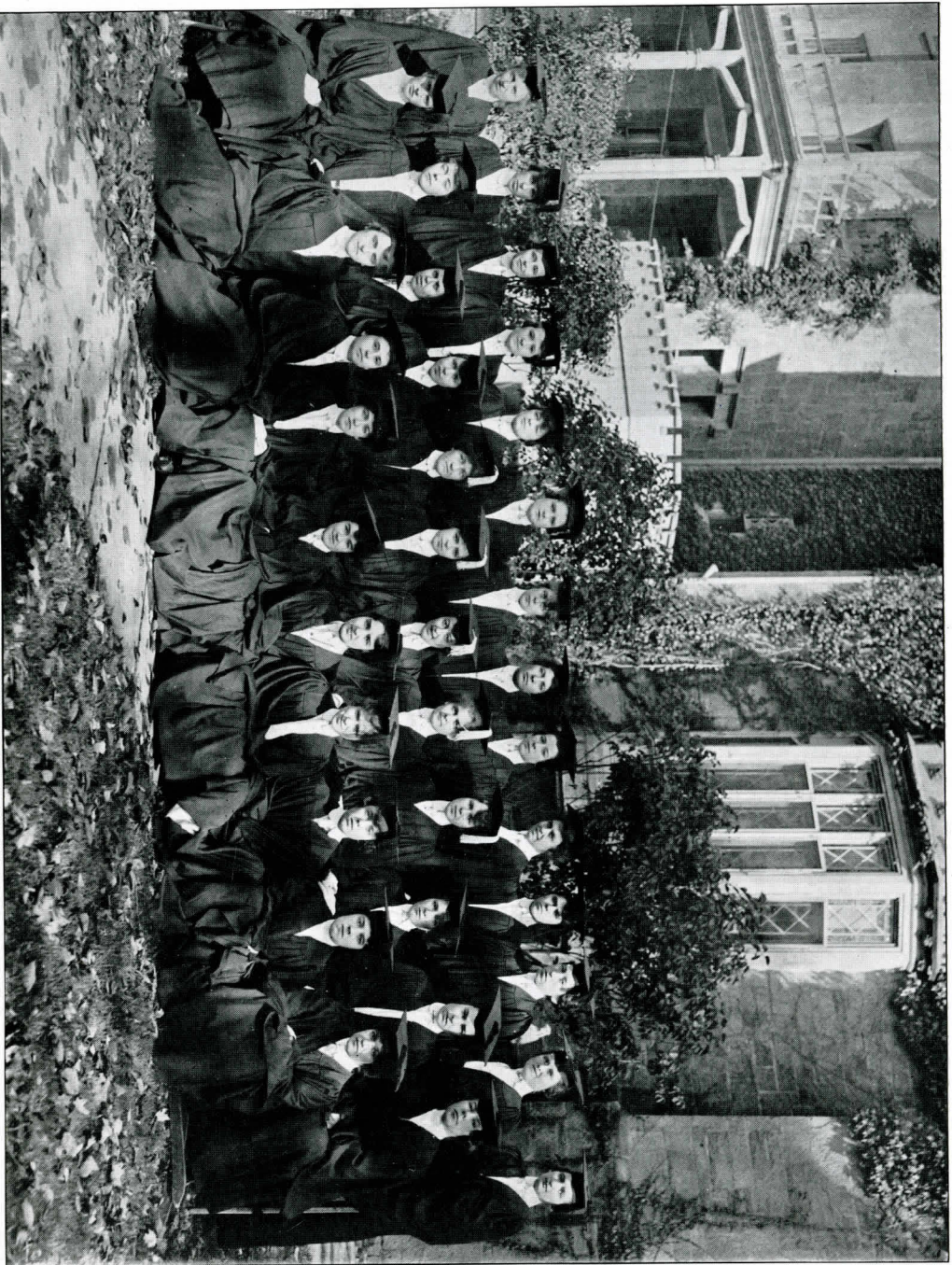
"1919 give a cheer—1919 has no peer—1919 listen here—  
It can't be beat by another year!"











CLASS OF 1918



## Foreword

Near the city of New York there is a large training camp for young women. The purpose of this camp, which is known as the College of New Rochelle, is to train the young women for the Battle of Life; and so, in order that they may be able to wage it successfully, a continuous campaign against Ignorance is carried on during this preparatory training course at N. R. C. Ignorance, with its allies, Indifference, Superficiality, Folly and Procrastination (the which allies are incarnate in the various dum-mies scattered through the sections of the camp) conducts such a skillfully camouflaged campaign that it is hard at first for the young candidates to distinguish the sham from the real; but when the training course is concluded, the successful candidates cannot be deceived, as has been proven by the experience of those who have gone forth from this camp.

The camp is divided into four regiments known as Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. Commissions are granted once a year, only Seniors being eligible. Having obtained their commissions the Seniors immediately go into active service, and only return to the camp to deliver private lectures on their trials and tribulations on the battlefield. Many of those commissioned take up the work of instructors in other camps, while the Quartermasters' Department of the world has become very popular during the last few years. Upon the departure of the Seniors, the members of the Junior Regiment are advanced to the rank of Seniors, the Sophomore members become Juniors, the Freshmen become Sophomores, while new bands of candidates fill in the Freshmen ranks.

Each regiment, which is divided into smaller units known at N. R. C. as "cliques" and which is subordinate to the officers of the institution, practices self-government and elects officers from the ranks. Each regiment has its special field on which to meet and combat Ignorance.

We who record on the following pages the history of our campaign against Ignorance, are known in the camp as Unit 1918, and the authentic account of our manoeuvres follows.



# THE FIRST CAMPAIGN



SEPTEMBER 23, 1914

Band of fifty-five candidates, partly draft and partly volunteer, registered at N. R. C. Assigned to Freshman Regiment as Unit 1918.

SEPTEMBER 24

Signs of mutiny among the new Unit because of homesickness, quickly quelled by Unit 1917. Just before taps, '17 put '18 through severe physical tests—in the cavalry, by means of a broomstick, in the scout service crawling through the eye of a needle, etc. In the course of the activities, Loretta Branon lost her first name and henceforth was known as Venus.

OCTOBER 17

Founder's Day. Many officers returned to deliver the lecture mentioned in the Foreword. '18 was resplendent in the shimmery white uniforms worn at Graduation the preceding June. Discovered that this is a sign whereby the Freshman Regiment is distinguished on Founder's Day.

NOVEMBER 6

Junior Regiment entertained Freshmen at a military hop in the Castle. '18 inoculated, by a Special Junior Process, with a rose-colored serum which gave a different outlook on the college camp.

DECEMBER 4

Sophomore Regiment entertained us with the stereotype military hop. As we entered the mess-hall of the Castle, some secret enemy from Every Man's Land hurled bombs in through the windows. The bombs exploded and did great damage to uniforms; also destroyed pleasant expressions. Bombs were composed of H2S.

JANUARY 25, 1915

First great offensive against Ignorance started by the Faculty. '18 swept all before it.

FEBRUARY 12

'18's basketball team played the Varsity basketball team from the Seminary. The bladder broke in the middle of the game, causing much excitement.

FEBRUARY 16

Colonial Ball. Mary Riordan proved her ability at camouflage in conversation by saying: "I found this cigar stub in Louise Schleich's pocket."

MARCH 12

Whole camp in an uproar. Great athletic meet to take place March 13th between '17 and '18. All the regiments gathered in the Living Room and sought to out-sing, out-cheer, out-wit each other on this night. '16 proved herself a valuable and loyal ally to us, and the Faculty proved itself the same to the united bands of '15 and '17. War cries resounded until a late hour. "Juniors!! Help!!" "Faculty!! Help!!" We graciously returned the Sophs' songs and yells to them, as our own were far superior.

MARCH 13—Chapel bell rang 1-9-1-8. Banners hung in every possible spot. Our team was defeated in the great game. '16 entertained us in the evening.

MARCH 30—APRIL 3—Spiritual Retreat under Chaplain O'Rourke through the Valley of Silence.

APRIL 16—We entertained our friends and allies, the Juniors.

MAY 6—Our first Dramatic Drive which had been in progress for some time was brought to a successful culmination in "Cinderella" on this night.

MAY 29—The Undertakers' Corps of Unit 1918 interred Sadie Sophomore who had died from an over-dose of Class Spirit.

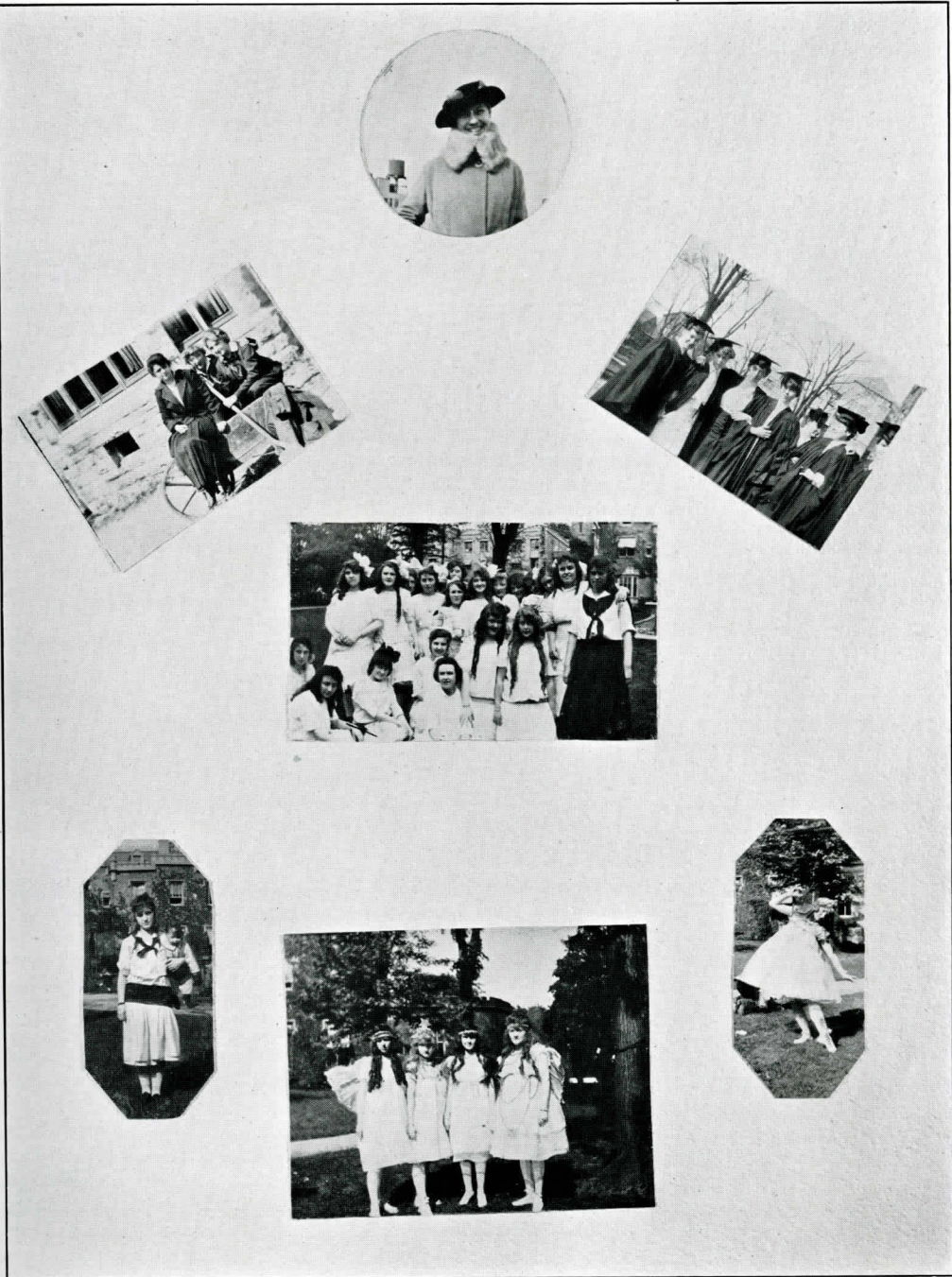
MAY 30—A mock marriage was celebrated between '16 and '18.

JUNE 1—The Unit which will take the place of us as Freshmen next fall was christened "1919," the Unit 1917 standing sponsor for it.

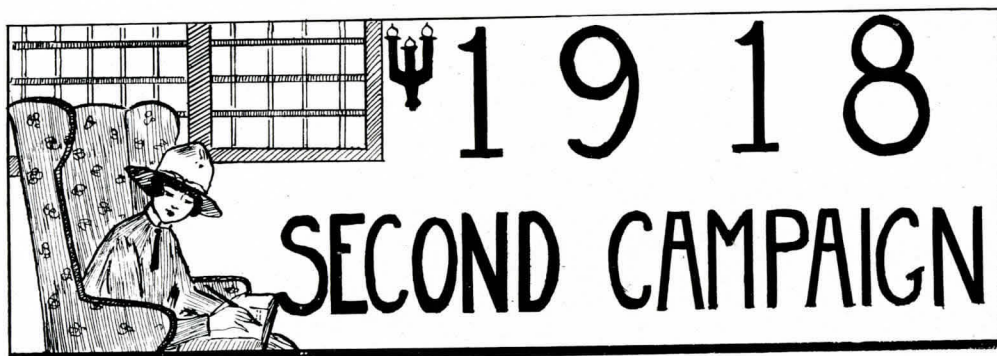
JUNE 2

Unit 1918 departed for a three months' furlough. The Unit having clearly proven its ability to conquer Ignorance, as the results of the spring offensive showed, will be advanced to the Sophomore Regiment when it returns for its second campaign.





IN FRESHMAN DAYS



SEPTEMBER 21, 1915

Camp opened. Unit '18 re-enforced by several candidates from other camps: Irene Foster and Kathryn McCue from Trinity, Marie Kieran and Christine Fallon from Mt. St. Vincent, and Marie Dean from Hunter. Five who were members of the Unit last year had received honorable discharges and had enlisted in other branches of the service of Education.

SEPTEMBER 22

Unit '18 inspected the new Freshman Unit on this night in the Living Room. Many good plans went to waste.

NOVEMBER 5

Unit '18 held a military hop in honor of Unit '19.

NOVEMBER 12

The English Captain, Miss Randall-Bent, brought Nell Brinkley to the big Tea. Our cosy corner was opened for the first time.

DECEMBER 12

The Unit took itself in a body to the canteen which the camp had opened just for the day in the Hotel Biltmore. The canteen was christened "Sodality Bazaar." '18 bought a great many useless articles.

DECEMBER 16

Our first Dramatic Drive, led by the Dramatic Officer of the Camp, was produced this night. The affair was known as "Everyman." We would have gone down to ignominious defeat save that the audience had a sense of humor.

JANUARY 21, 1916

Unit 1918 attended the Regimental Dance of Unit 1919.

MARCH 12

Like the far-famed worm, Unit 1918 turned during this week from the w. k. Straight and Narrow and by a concentrated attack on College Conventions succeeded in establishing a state of Revolution. The Unit announced that it would celebrate a Sophomore Week, and it proceeded to throw all its resources into the breach. Having mobilized its forces it entrained in jitneys for the near-by city and there fell upon the Boston Spa. When an excellent mess (in more ways than one) had been obtained here by right of "quarter", the Unit raided Loew's and established itself in the first row trenches with the loss of only ten cents. When it again regained its old positions in N. R. Camp, it held a magnificent Prom in the Living Room, and after that it entertained all the Regiments with a heart-rending dramatic masterpiece, entitled "Newsy la Day," which was a tragedy based on the harrowing adventures of a washcloth. These are all the details of Sophomore Week that can be confided to the public.



MARCH 12—*Continued*

press. Suffice it to say that there were many in danger of court-martial because of it, and the threat of placing the entire regiment in the guard house, or "campusing" it as they say here, was frequent. However, '18's long experience has made it immune to such gas attacks. Much credit was given to Miss Riordan for the strategic ability she revealed as Moderator of the week.

MARCH 25

The basketball team of the Unit was again overcome by its opponents on this day.

MARCH 29

'18 celebrated the birthday of its commanding officer, Margaret Keane, by giving her a party.

APRIL 4

The Sophomore Speaking Contest which took place on this night was won by Kathryn Cocks.

MAY 1

We scored another dramatic triumph tonight with our second original Class Play.

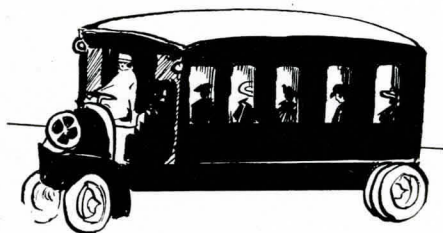
MAY 17

Units 1916 and 1918 entrained in taxis for Pepperday Inn where a farewell dinner was served to the Units in honor of the departure of '16 for the front.

JUNE 1

We went bravely over the top in the spring offensive against our old enemy, Ignorance. We stormed the enemy's defenses and completely routed him.

We had now cleared the Sophomore field of any vestige of Ignorance and so were ready for a new campaign in other sections of the battlefield. Passes were issued to every member of the camp and a three months' furlough was granted. Our closest allies, the members of '16, were granted commissions on a memorable day that reminded the camp most forcibly that "with every sweet there is some bitter." A new camp song, composed as folk songs are, attained immense popularity during these days, "'16, don't go 'way."





IN SOPHOMORE DAYS





SEPTEMBER 26, 1916

Summer furlough ended. One new candidate joined the Junior ranks—Rosalie Conlan from Barnard, Columbia, etc.

This year we are non-commissioned officers—Corporals.

Spent the first afternoon helping the new candidates for the Freshman Regiment to locate their barracks. Many of them were placed in Dugouts within walking distance of the mess hall—Dugouts Nos. 9, 23, 38, etc.

SEPTEMBER 28

Our initial attempt at inoculating the Freshmen with the Rose Serum that the Junior Regiment always administers to the Freshmen Regiment, took place in the Living Room. Unit 1920 quickly responded to treatment.

OCTOBER 1

This Junior campaign had an entirely different aspect than the previous two campaigns. We were on unfamiliar ground. Our popular English Captain, Miss Randall-Bent, had transferred her educational operations to California and we missed her and her interesting classes. The new English Captain, Miss Larmour, was a specialist along different lines, and adopted wholly different tactics. Her training is based to a great extent on Chaucer. We began to realize that it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.

Also the officers who are in charge of this institution had entered into hostilities with the enemy, Ignorance, on entirely new territory, and a certain number of candidates from '18 had volunteered their services as scouts into this new land to see if it might be suitable for future conquest. The scouts advanced under the banner of the B. S.

OCTOBER 19

"Twenty, our lights are gleaming.

Brightly for you—"

The Unit No. 1920 was officially invested in the college camp uniform—cap and gown. Memories of long, uniformed lines of Juniors, of the Living Room in shadow, and of our gleaming electric candles.

"Turn back our tassels,  
Let's be Freshmen once again.  
Bring back those jolly days  
That knew no care nor pain.  
There's not a Junior heart  
But cries, 'Ah, we would fain  
Turn back our tassels  
And be Freshmen once again'."

NOVEMBER 1

Three of the scouts returned from the business field and reported insurmountable obstacles. They brought fearful tales of a land filled with a million misleading signs, which, to be interpreted rightly, must be committed to memory; the immediate foreground is a mass of short things called "ticks" on which one is constantly getting stuck; as one progresses through this land it is necessary to make use of queer shapen hooks, which are not only useless if turned the wrong way, but which bring dire misfortune upon the unfortunate manipulator. There are also strange machines necessary to the work, and in the manipulation of which one has to acquire almost incredible speed.

The tactics employed throughout the whole course were so entirely different that these three scouts retreated precipitously to re-enlist under the A. B. standard.

DECEMBER 20

Unit 1918 established a precedent in the college camp. At a Court of Adoption, the Unit 1920 was formally received as a child of Alma Mater.

### Certificate of Adaption

"Be it remembered that on the 20th day of December, 1916, it was duly determined and decreed that the said Agnes Clarey should have all the rights of a child and heir of the said Alma Mater of the College of New Rochelle, and be subject to the duties of such a child as fully appears by the records of said court. In testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and affixed the seal of said court at the College of New Rochelle on the 15th day of December, 1916."

(Signed) Class of 1918.

NOVEMBER 26—Annual Reception Day for the entire camp—our very last Tea if we had but known it.

DECEMBER 14—Junior Speaking Contest—Mary McAniff was the victor.

DECEMBER 15—Gave a dance to the Freshman Regiment.

FEBRUARY 7, 1917

The Juniors suspended all hostilities this week and turned their attention to Social Conquest. The entire unit entrained for the City of N. Y. and went to see Adele Rowland in the military presentation "Her Soldier Boy." In the evening the Unit gathered in the Living Room and after a most unusual "mess" of grape juice and French pastry, proceeded to dance, play games, etc. Then, with all the lights turned out save the yellow shaded table lamp, the members of '18 discussed its past manoeuvres and its future campaigns, and mapped out the probable future of each candidate. And finally, sitting in the darkness, in the great easy chairs, we sang all the old campaign songs, while Elinor played. The result of the evening was a more solidified Unit than ever before.

FEBRUARY 8

Entrained in trolley cars for Bronxville, and after a long journey reached the Gramatan Inn where a luncheon was served. We reached camp again in time to produce another Dramatic sensation in the evening. In "A Bunch of Roses" the beautiful costumes of the roses contrasted so sublimely with the manly rain coat of the hero, that the audience was entranced.

FEBRUARY 9

The Junior Prom was given in New York at the Biltmore. New uniforms much in evidence. Programs were in form of small comfort kits suitable for use on short journeys. For real insight into the evening see private diaries. No greater social triumph was ever enjoyed by any N. R. Regiment.

MARCH 6

Unit 1918 established a second precedent. Gave a party to '17 in honor of Alpha Alpha Day.

APRIL 19

Our second official dramatic drive. We presented "The Silver Thread;" if the audience had half as much fun as we did then the evening was a complete success. "What are you doin', Clawfoot?"

MAY 16

Our third original class play was presented. "Melo-Drama, Old and New." Each year we prove our ability in Dramatic fields more and more. Junior party in our cosy room afterwards.

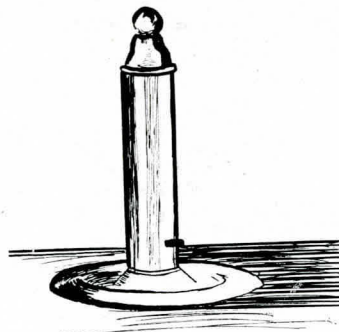
"There is a year that we know, 1918."

JUNE 8

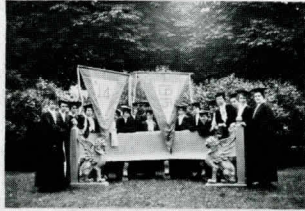
Tremendous onset launched by us during the past week, against Ignorance utterly vanquished the enemy and left us in complete possession of the Junior field.

JUNE 12


At midnight, in the official camp uniform, we held a "sing" under the windows of '17's barracks. This was our final tribute to the Seniors.







IN JUNIOR DAYS



# FOURTH CAMPAIGN

## SEPTEMBER 24

The Unit returned from its summer furlough—returned as members of the Senior Regiment. Roll call discovered an absent mark after the names of three members. St. Elizabeth's sent re-enforcements in the person of Grace Coholan.

## SEPTEMBER 25

This day those enrolled under the B. S. banner were presented with new material—one section of the camp had been fitted up during the summer with a complete equipment of everything necessary for the campaign.

## OCTOBER 15

Business Squad attended the Business Show in the 69th Regiment Armory.

## OCTOBER 20

Founder's Day. First pictures taken for the year book.

Business Squad reported that because of the large territory occupied by Ignorance, Saturday operations are henceforth essential. This Squad was truly composed of the martyrs to the cause of Education.

## NOVEMBER 1

Individual pictures taken. "This is necessary in my business."

## DECEMBER 17

Again '18 conquered Ignorance in a hand-to-hand struggle with Philosophy. The combat was brief, but the outcome momentous.

## DECEMBER 21

Leave of absence granted for the holidays.

## JANUARY 9

Training resumed.

## JANUARY 15

Around this date, reports from the B. S. Squad announced that great difficulties were being encountered because of lack of suitable mental material. Concentration supplied them was defective in many ways, but especially was it too short to extend over the long hours spent on the hike after Knowledge. Small skirmishes reported daily.

## JANUARY 26

On the casualty list for today appeared the name of Sergeant Cocks, who was severely injured while in hot pursuit of Health. Sergeant Cocks broke her leg when she was skating on the camp reservoir. Medical aid was immediately summoned by Cockey's bodyguard, Mary L.

## MARCH 19

Our ally, Unit 1920, scored a glorious victory today in the great game.

## MARCH 22

The B. S. Squad reported a bloody battle, Sergeants Monaghan and Dobbin having been under fire for long hours. Several ideals were badly shattered. That sector of the Senior Field has been subjected to a constant bombardment, and like the shells reaching Paris, no one can tell whence come the bombs that explode with unfailing regularity every few days over the heads of the unsuspecting Squad. First Aid, however, has always been promptly supplied by the S. B. Sector and the Squad returns bravely to the attack. Some reports use the word "boldly."



MARCH 24

Final retreat through the Valley of Silence under Chaplain Stanton commenced. We learn the meaning of "living your own life."

MARCH 28

Having retreated successfully, a general holiday was proclaimed from this date until April 7th.

APRIL 7

Training resumed. Epidemic of Spring Fever prevailed throughout the entire camp.

APRIL 21

The reports of the Sociology section of the Unit were due at headquarters.

MAY 1

Intensive training entered upon by the Seniors in anticipation of the last great offensive which will be launched in a few weeks.

MAY 9

Unit 1918 celebrated its last class day, and presented its last original Class Play "The Spirit of '18."

MAY 10

Written barrage against Socialism launched by thirty-seven Seniors in an attempt to carry off a \$50.00 prize.

MAY 14

Unit 1918 ate lollypops and played tag for the last time.

JUNE 7

Commencement Week began. The last Dramatic Drive of '18 under official auspices was entered upon in the evening.

JUNE 8

The Wise Virgins are presented with the cross of war.

JUNE 9

Baccalaureate Sermon. Interclass speaking contest.

JUNE 10

The Unit received its commissions. The campaign against Ignorance, in these particular fields, was closed forever, and the President of the College signed a Treaty of Peace in the form of sheepskins.

JUNE 11

Class Day. We gathered up the odds and ends of our college life, and wove them into prophecies, a will, etc.

JUNE 12

Banner Day. Japanese Lawn Party, at which, for once in our lives, we did not have to put up the lanterns.

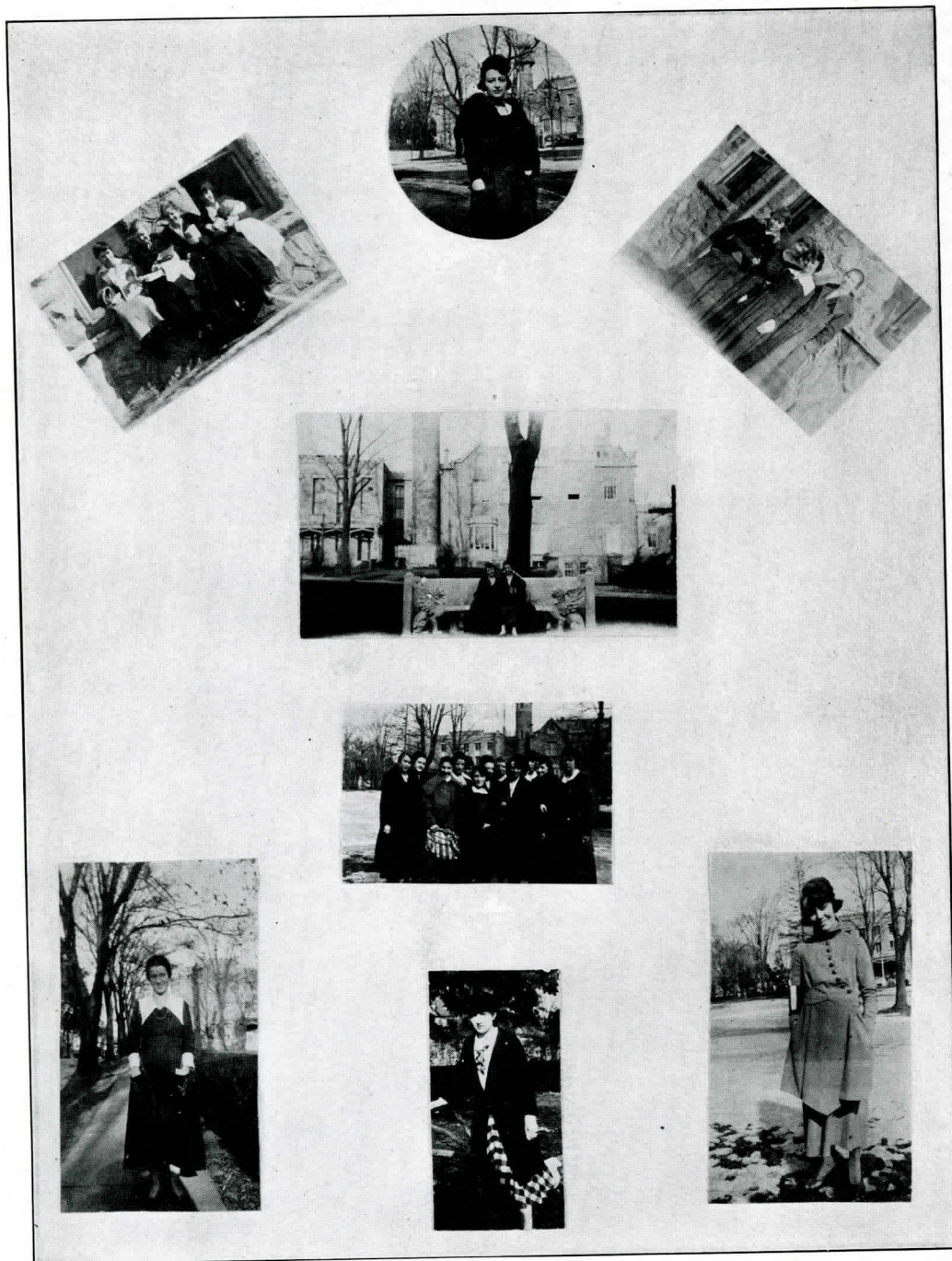
JUNE 14

Great storm of sorrow broke over the departing Unit.

JUNE 15

Our Junior Song realized, for '18 was "Home Again."

"There's a golden haze  
O'er college days  
In the halls of N. R. C.  
For tho' we must part  
In '18's loyal heart  
You're a wonderful memory."



IN SENIOR DAYS





### Freshman Year

HELEN C. O'BRIEN	President
DOROTHY D. DONOVAN	Vice-President
ELISABETH U. BRADY	Secretary
MARY R. McANIFF	Treasurer

#### Members of Advisory Board

HELEN C. O'BRIEN	DOROTHY D. DONOVAN
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### Sophomore Year

MARGARET KEANE	President
J. DOROTHY RYAN	Vice-President
ELISABETH BRADY	Secretary
HELEN McCANN	Treasurer

#### Members of Advisory Board

MARGARET KEANE	JANE MAHONEY
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### Junior Year

HELEN M. CASEY	President
MARGARET KEANE	Vice-President
J. DOROTHY RYAN	Secretary
GERTRUDE A. FLEMING	Treasurer

#### Members of Advisory Board

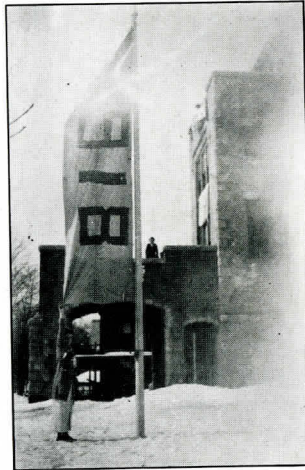
JANE MAHONEY	MARY R. McANIFF
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### Senior Year

MARY R. McANIFF	President
HELEN M. CASEY	Vice-President
MARY E. WARNER	Secretary
LOUISE M. SCHLEICH	Treasurer

#### Members of Advisory Board

HELEN M. CASEY	LOUISE M. SCHLEICH
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## 1918's Class Song

(Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny)

### I

There is a year that we know—1918.

It is the year that shines bright with Blue and Gold.  
Eighteen, the year that was made for the Seniors,  
Eighteen, the fairest story N. R. C. has told.

### II

Eighteen, we'll back you through shadow and sunlight,  
As we ever have done in these halls of N. R. C.  
Eighteen, we'll yet make your name shine in glory,  
Eighteen, we promise you that mighty you shall be.

### III

Carry us onward through life—1918  
Your Gold for our happiness,  
For loyalty your Blue;  
We will remember the days we were Seniors,  
We will remember—and we ever will be true.





1921

RUTH LANDRY . . . *President*  
 MARY O'BRIEN . . . *Vice-President*  
 KATHERINE WARD . . . *Secretary*  
 SADIE MAHONEY . . . *Treasurer*

**Advisory Board**

RUTH LANDRY  
 MARY O'BRIEN

1920

AGNES CLARY . . . *President*  
 JULIE McDONALD . . . *Vice-President*  
 ANNA DOYLE . . . *Secretary*  
 WINIFRED MULLARKY . . . *Treasurer*

**Advisory Board**

AGNES CLARY  
 TERESA REGAN

**Class Officers for Year**  
**1917 --- 1918**

1919

HELEN HAYES . . . *President*  
 CATHERINE BUCKLEY . . . *Vice-President*  
 LUCY WHITE . . . *Secretary*  
 MARY KERNAN . . . *Treasurer*

**Advisory Board**

HARRIET VLYMEN  
 CATHERINE BUCKLEY

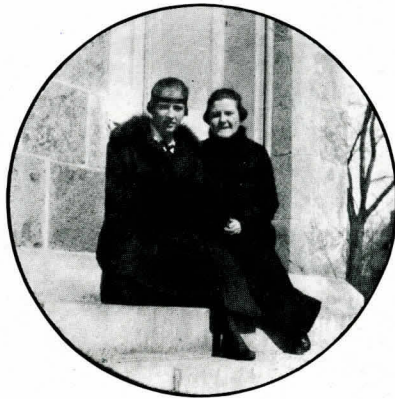
1918

MARY McANIFF . . . *President*  
 HELEN CASEY . . . *Vice-President*  
 MARY WARNER . . . *Secretary*  
 LOUISE SCHLEICH . . . *Treasurer*

**Advisory Board**

MARY McANIFF  
 HELEN CASEY  
 LOUISE SCHLEICH  
 JANE MAHONEY  
 CHRISTINE FALLON





We, the Editors of ANNALES, would ask that you remember as you read through the following pages that we have not tried to analyze souls nor to present character studies. We have tried only to give a brief impression of each member of the class; that "he who runs may read" and, reading, he may understand to a slight degree, the girls who, individually and collectively, symbolize the broad mind and the loyal heart of 1918.



MARIE R. BOGART

Richfield Springs, N. Y.

"Props and Paint"

Associate Photographic Editor ANNALES

"BOGIE"

*"Her eyes were stars of twilight fair:  
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."*

Coolness, calmness, boredom—

A tragic air—a temperamental personality—

An ability to get even more rest than Nature requires, and yet get through courses—

A baffling atmosphere, mixed with a charming manner of giving complete "success"—

An amount of sophistication that fascinates—

A broad sense of humor and a broader point of view—

Something vague and uncertain, that leaves you in doubt as to the real meaning and yet offers no field for accusations of insincerity—

An indefinable method of attracting court—

And a genius for acting—

('18, she'll yet make your name shine in glory)

—that's "Bogie."





ELISABETH U. BRADY

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Class Secretary (1, 2)

Literary Staff *Quarterly* (2, 3, 4)

"Props and Paint"

Chairman Play Committee (1, 3, 4)

Editor-in-Chief ANNALES

*"I'll brook no dictation."*

An emphatic personality;

A nervous temperament that is moody in the extreme;

A stubbornness that never even considers the other side of the question;

An exhaustless stock of energy, and an amount of determination and decision that always results in getting her own way;

Restlessness, discontentedness, rashness that saner thoughts could never equal in efficiency;

A vast capability along literary lines;

A love of freedom and the original with which even convention itself interferes;

A capacity for speech, and a manner of talking that everyone agrees is fascinating;

And a wild disposition with apparently no means of controlling it, are some of the things that make Elisabeth different from the rest.



"VENE"

M. LORETTA BRANON

Burlington, Vt.

Treasurer Current Events (2)  
 Vice-President Orchestra (3)  
 President Orchestra (4)  
 President Mandolin Club (4)  
 Class Team (1, 2)  
 Mistress of Properties  
 "Props and Paint"

*"Ask what thou wilt of me and thou shalt have it."*

An impulsive, generous spirit that finds no favor too great to confer

A frank, outspoken, sincere chum, blessed with a stock of common sense

A breezy manner that bespeaks broadmindedness and good nature incarnate

A stock of good stories and a power of impersonation that is nothing if not entertaining

A temper which carries everything before it—and which comes to the surface quite regularly

An indispensable member of "Props and Paint"—because of the inventive genius which can produce scenery out of nothing

An all around spirit that finds expression in Dramatics, Athletics, and Musical Societies

And absolute trustworthiness and reliability—

that means "Vene" to 1918.





HARRIET H. BURNS

Hartford, Conn.

Secretary Current Events Club (2)

Sodality Counsellor (3)

"Props and Paint"

Choir

*"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books."*

A gentle, refined nature has Harriet Harrison;

An infinite capacity for spending long hours over her books—not studying out of them, but worrying over all she has to study out of them;

An insatiable curiosity and a childlike credulity;

A loyal, sincere friend, entirely without affectation;

An occasional flash of sophistication that is surprising;

A wardrobe whose extent proves annoying;

A reserve stock of "eats" distributed judiciously and with method;

And a tendency to spend the early morning hours in calling the laggards, which has proved '18's spiritual salvation.



HELEN M. CASEY

Wilmington, Del.

Class President (3)  
 Advisory Board (3, 4)  
 Vice-President Student Body (4)  
 Vice-President 1918 (4)  
 President Athletic Association (4)  
 "Props and Paint"  
 College Orchestra

*"Her administration is based upon principle and the principle must be enforced, in season and out of season."*

There is a 1918 adjective "Helen Caseyness."

It means a great amount of black hair,  
 —and blue eyes and tortoise shell glasses,  
 —and grey flannel shirtwaists and heavy storm-shoes.

It means specializing in Oral English,  
 —loving the poetry of Brooks and Masefield.  
 —starring in Dramatics.

It means moral courage to back strong convictions;  
 —a calm, unswerving loyalty to the few chosen ones.

And especially, it means to 1918, a Sense of Duty.

In Junior Year, *that* meant a Junior President who worked so earnestly, so fervently, so ceaselessly, that Graduation Week left only a little worn-out-heap of Helen.

In Senior Year, it has meant that college discipline must be enforced and college rules must be observed whatever the result, personally.

And for the future it can only mean success wherever she goes—success to follow the admiration that her very Helen Caseyness always has created and always will create.





HELEN M. CLOSS

Far Rockaway, N. Y.

Press agent "Props and Paint" (2)  
Musical Director "Props and Paint" (3)  
Secretary "Props and Paint" (4)  
Photographic Editor ANNALES

*"Every day her beauty seemed more fair."*

A charming dignity and an eternal serenity of disposition—

A surprising amount of diplomacy and an exhaustless amount of tact—

A refreshing sense of humor, and a spirit of fun that makes her ready for anything—

Dramatic ability, as witnessed by recent "Props and Paint" productions—

An easy-going, quiet manner with the most unique ways of expressing her rare anger (whistling energetically and dusting everything in sight with her handkerchief)

A habit of doing just enough and not a bit too much for each course—

An amount of good looks that impresses all but herself—

A tendency to display class and college spirit if it doesn't prove too inconvenient—

And a habit of spending about half the scholastic year on Campus—

These are some of the reasons why Helen has never lacked friends, and why she has won the admiration of the class and the college.



"COCKSIE"

KATHRYN M. COCKS

Glen Cove, L. I.

Class Team (2)  
 Secretary Athletic Association (2)  
 Treasurer Athletic Association (3)  
 Secretary "Props and Paint" (3)  
 Glee Club

*"What is the end of study? Let me know!"*

You would get a good impression upon meeting Kathryn for—  
 she has an attractive, pleasant personality,  
 and a most alluring smile,  
 which, coupled with her intense determination to widen her circle of friends,  
 make a combination few can resist.  
 (Reference, 1920)

The favorable impression would deepen as you grow to know Kathryn for—  
 she will never attempt to replace your opinions with hers,  
 she is the essence of good nature,  
 and the soul of kind-heartedness,  
 (even in her most frivolous moments she never forgets "Little Orphant Annie"),  
 she does many things well,  
 especially those that are easiest, those that will cause no loss of sleep, or those  
 that can be done "some other day."

And at the end of Senior Year you will discover that you still like Kathryn,  
 partly because of the qualities she has revealed,  
 principally because she is "Cocksie."





"GRACIE MAE"

GRACE E. COHOLAN

New Britain, Conn.

*"A girl with eager eyes and yellow hair—"*

A few short months of acquaintance has proved to us that Grace—

is one of the "sweetest" girls imaginable (in fact, we feel we could not stand it if she were a little more so)—

that she has an optimistic easy-going tendency that no tempest can quell—

that she has a habit of making herself understand the other fellow's point of view, and a will that makes her have everything done just when it should be done—

that she possesses a whole-hearted enthusiasm that has adopted our college as her own without any annoying references to past experiences—

that she has a wealth of charity and never fails to put the best interpretation on everything; and an amount of such unusual goodness which shines forth like a beacon light in this wicked world—

And so, at the end of our few months' acquaintance with Grace we assure her, that despite her knitting activities, she certainly has done her bit to make Senior year one of the most agreeable years we have spent at N. R.



LILLIAN M. COSTELLO

Pelham, N. Y.

"Props and Paint."

*"I'm just as still as I can be,  
Oh, would my neighbors all would be  
One half so still as little me."*

A quiet, unobtrusive person, with an independent air that seeks assistance or recognition from none—

An amount of energy and perseverance that has made her a force in Oral English, despite her wee small voice, and that has made her a shining light in languages (Latin especially)—

An amount of patience that forbids criticism of the existing order of things, and an optimistic tendency that defies conquest—

A kind heart, and a willingness to assist that has frequently proved the salvation of the less gifted—

The kind of opinions that are not gleaned from the stray conversations of other people, and that are as immutable as steel—

And withal, a cockey little self-assurance that adds quite a tone to Lillian.





ELINOR CUNNINGHAM

Keene, N. H.

Associate Business Manager ANNALES

*"Let me have music always, and I seek no more delight."*

Most prominent of all Elinor's characteristics is her love of music, and her willingness to try to satiate our appeals for "just a little more."

We attribute the excitable, nervous disposition, the fiery temper that is a perfect fury on the rare occasions that it is not controlled, to the artist in Elinor—

But we cannot attribute the loyal, unswerving adherence that has been tried so often during college and that has never been found to fail the friends who trusted her, to the artist, but to the girl herself—the girl who is always insisting that she is not really "sincere" and whose every act belies her protestations—

And Elinor loves peace, has a perfect horror of "cliques," and possesses that rare broad-mindedness that will not only listen to the other side but will agree to it if it is sufficiently reasonable—

And Elinor fears that she will ever intrude, that she will ever be the extra one, in a most unfounded way—

And Elinor gladly and frankly gives the opinions she never thrusts forward—

Elinor—from up Boston-way—'18's strongest reason for not needing a Pure Speech Week.



JEANETTE M. DOBBIN

New York City

*"So let's discuss—just you and I—  
And try to answers find  
To questions philosophical,  
It will divert the mind."*

A world of sophistication;

An air of indifference and boredom that nothing ever seems to penetrate;

A curiosity that seems to have no ending, and a tendency to find out the most remote reasons for everything;

A nervous manner that bespeaks hidden energy;

Cleverness and remarkable literary ability that is appreciated by all—

A habit of never being on time;

A Senior schedule that will make Louise look to her laurels;

And the rare, almost unheard of quality of reciting in Philosophy in the most non-chalant manner—and of having her recitations held up as examples of what we all should do—

Such is Jeanette.





DOROTHY D. DONOVAN

Toledo, Ohio

Class Chairman (1); Class Vice-President (1); Advisory Board (1); Chairman Prom Committee (3); President "Props and Paint" (4); College Orchestra; Associate Business Manager ANNALES.

"DOT"

*"Born to manage as the sparks fly upward."*

(Diplomacy) (Efficiency) (Executive Ability)

In the above parentheses have we told you the tale of our Sphinx.

The other things that we know about Dot are more in the line of habits than of characteristics—

- leaving for vacations just a little before anyone else
- returning from vacations quite a while after everyone else
- rushing off for week-ends at the earliest possible minute on Friday
- rushing back from week-ends at the latest possible minute on Sunday
- preferring the Exchange to campus when she *is* here
- but preferring Atlantic City to Campus at any time
- never having been flustered under any circumstances college has produced
- receiving so very many letters that she has to take extra courses in order to have time to answer them all (Spanish Course particularly adapted)
- and passing exams with the same preoccupied air that makes one think that college is merely incidental
- being especially interested in children, and having her craving for their company satisfied by the Seminary children
- and having a total disregard for other people's opinions

Perhaps if we add that the tired-worn-out Dorothy who comes back after vacation goes away pleasantly plump, energetic and well rested after a year's work that would send another to a sanitarium, you will be able to judge for yourself just why college *is* incidental in Dot's existence and why she so eagerly anticipates Christmas, Easter, and June.



ELIZABETH G. DORAN

Greenwich, Conn.

"Props and Paint."

*"She has no time to gallivant,  
She has no time to play—"*

—because Elizabeth, in addition to commuting from Greenwich, takes the w. k. Business Course, and about two-thirds of the w. k. "Other" course. A sweet face, a dainty appearance, a musical laugh—you never would think she would have so much ambition, to look at her.

But she *is* ambitious,  
and independent,  
and self-possessed,  
and extraordinarily tenacious,  
—all these things we've found out in the B. S.

In the "Other" course, we've found  
the dreamy, romantic individual,  
the talented actress,  
the fiery advocate of what she considers right,  
And in both the courses, we've found that Elizabeth is mighty sweet, in fact, the kind we'd call "adorable" if we hadn't been taught better—

But since we have, we would merely add that Elizabeth is one of the nicest things that has happened to '18.





CHRISTINE FALLON

Mamaroneck, N. Y.

*Quarterly Business Staff* (3, 4)  
*Advisory Board* (4)

*"Her manner was incurably gentle."*

Nothing can ruffle Christine (unless it be "dictation").

She is always calm, dignified; perhaps sometimes a little righteous indignation makes its appearance, but there are never the storms of wrath that characterize some of the B. S. students.

She possesses a bottomless fund of sympathy, sincerity and charity, and so is an excellent example of one's ideal of a friend.

She is the personification of class spirit—i. e. she is as willing to share inconveniences as she is rewards.

She performs all her tasks quietly, steadily, earnestly, with no wild appeals for aid or sympathy.

And she is the kind of a girl who goes to make up the strength of a class, the quiet, reliable kind who is always willing to side in with the others, and yet whose innate common sense refuses to rebel against the powers that be.



MARY K. FARRELL

Brooklyn, N. Y.

President Christ Child Society  
College Orchestra  
Associate Business Manager ANNALES

*"She has not wings, she cannot soar,  
But she has feet and she can climb,  
(aye, even up to the old third floor!)"*

A happy-go-lucky disposition

Optimism galore

Seldom excited

Never angry

Much affection, which is particularly apparent in some "cases"

Endless generosity and domestic capabilities that result in many parties

Impulsiveness that often results in misunderstandings

A dread of restraint

And a warm heart and a love for humanity that makes Mary prominent in the philanthropic work N. R. C. never neglects.





"GERTIE"

GERTRUDE A. FLEMING

Rochester, N. Y.

President Current Events (2)

"Props and Paint"

Manager Class Team (2)

Class Treasurer (3)

Sodality Counsellor (4)

Literary Staff *Quarterly* (4)

Literary Staff ANNALES (4)

*"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;  
But if she won't, she WON'T, and there's an end on't."*

Great amounts of ambition, perseverance and pride,  
The ability to do, and to do well,  
Enthusiasm which is always brought forth if the subject in question happens to appeal,  
A sense of humor that is little short of distraction,  
A stubbornness and trust in her own opinions that is most blatant,  
An active interest in college and class affairs that has resulted in one more efficient  
member for Dramatics, Athletics, and Sodality,  
And the ability to accomplish whatever she sets her heart on, which promises well  
for the success of the Last of the Flemings.



IRENE McL. FOSTER

Fort Smith, Ark.

College Orchestra  
Glee Club

*"It is only the great-hearted who can be a true friend."*

Irene possesses an abundance of "pep," a stock of energy that is too great to be satisfied by the ordinary trend of events

A craving for excitement and a sportsmanship that is sometimes alarming

The qualities we seek in our closest friend, truthfulness, sincerity and complete trustworthiness

An air of untold wisdom that is irresistible

The ability to dance well, to play the mandolin pleasingly if drowned successfully by a loud accompaniment, but an utter lack of ability to use a whisper, or to understand that "Brevity is the soul of wit"

A habit of exhibiting her room bi-annually only

A capacity for food that is little short of marvelous

A sensitive disposition that thrives best on attention, and that has never wilted yet for lack of it.

And if you have heard the word "chic," and if you have seen Irene, then you have seen a word personified.





ANNE S. HURST

New York City

Business Staff *Quarterly* (3)

Business Manager *Quarterly* (4)

*"She teaches us that in life's walk,  
'Tis better to let others talk,  
And listen, while they say instead,  
The foolish things we might have said."*

Quietness, coupled with a fear of intrusion—

A careful selection of friends, and "a calm, unswerving loyalty to the few chosen ones"—

A calm exterior, but most decided convictions, and an utter inability to sit by and watch someone take away her rights—

A way of accomplishing everything without any fuss—

Reliability, of the very best brand—

And a business ability that is surprising in one of her unassuming ways.

For these reasons, and because of her general usefulness around sick rooms, '18 has a niche carved out that none but Anne could ever fill—

and since the niche is deep in '18's heart, none but Anne will ever be given the chance to fill it.



"PEGGY"

MARGARET DE S. KEANE

New York City

Class President (2)  
 Advisory Board (2)  
 Class Vice-President (3)  
 Literary Editor ANNALES (4)  
 "Props and Paint"  
 Glee Club

*"I know thee Keane in intellect, with force and skill  
 To strive, to fashion, to fulfill."*

There are three chief ways of expressing the concept "Margaret Keane"

—a perpetual and violent rubbing together of the hands

—a corsage bouquet on Sunday nights

—particularly clever conversation, interspersed with much humorous criticism and frequent gales of laughter.

That's Margaret.

Passing three-hour unpassable exams in forty-five minutes; usually managing to control her ire at those dense slower mortals who take over five seconds to get any "purnt"; and exhibiting much speed in the execution of any allotted work.

That's also Margaret. And if we add

The ability to read your mind and to pretend she believes what you say,

And a way of "getting there" that does full credit to the surname of Margaret, we shall have given you our complete concept of Margaret.





MARIE F. KIERAN

New York City

Class Team (2)

President Alpha Alpha (4)

"Props and Paint"

Associate Business Manager ANNALES

*"She reads novels the whole day long,  
And I reckon she reads them abed."*

Marie Kieran—

A vivid, forceful personality

A great amount of energy and vitality

A quick, graceful manner

A beautiful speaking voice and the ability to use it well—also the tendency to use it often

Innate courtesy

which prevents mutilation of the professors' feelings by open exhibitions of boredom, wherefore, see above quotation

Much determination

especially to "do it tomorrow"

Our ardent advocate for Woman's Rights

Our easily moved member of Ethics Class!!

A pitiless, destructive critic, with a most superior outlook and an inflated sense of humor

One of '18's star basketball players

One of "Props and Paint's" most talented members

And one of the most popular girls in '18

because of

The vivid, forceful personality

That is

Marie Kieran.



"MERRIMAC"

MARY R. McANIFF

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Class Treasurer (1)  
Sodality Counsellor (2)  
Treasurer Student Body (3)  
President Student Body (4)  
Class President (4)  
"Props and Paint"  
Advisory Board (3, 4)  
Business Staff *Quarterly* (2, 3, 4)  
Glee Club  
Orchestra

*"A heart to resolve, a head to connive, and a hand to execute."*

Recipe for a College President:\*

To an innately gracious manner and a deal of tact, add the little diplomatic ways that one unconsciously acquires during three years of holding smaller offices; mix well with a deep religious sense, with high ideals, and with an instinctive power of sympathizing, then add remarkable oratorical ability. When these have been well blended together, wrap skillfully in a most human personality and place it to be moulded for three years in a college atmosphere, '18 brand preferred.

At the end of the third year the remarkable qualities concentrated in this one small body will so clearly demonstrate the ability of said small body to occupy high altitude without suffering from swelling in the cerebral portion or without developing the germ of conceit, that immediate advancement to the highest pinnacle of college honor is not only advisable but inevitable.

If you carefully follow these directions you cannot possibly be disappointed. '18 has not been; on the contrary, we who represent '18 in this writing are proud to be able to hand down to all who will follow us, the recipe that has given us our Perfect College President—that has given us—Mary Mac.

\* It is not necessary to have physical quantity; only mental quality.





HELEN I. McCANN

Detroit, Mich.

Class Treasurer (2)  
Sodality Counsellor (4)  
Business Manager ANNALES  
"Props and Paint"  
Orchestra  
Glee Club

*"A good cause makes a strong arm."*

There is no other Senior quite like Helen  
who is the personification of convictions, deeply-rooted, strongly-expressed;  
who is so talented in the use of gentle irony;  
who is such an able, albeit kind-hearted critic;  
who can intuitively divine the real reason for the most skillfully camouflaged actions  
(Faculty's no exception)  
who has a little sweet-grass basket and a pressing need for something to fill it  
who will work so faithfully, so earnestly, so unselfishly, for the benefit of the class  
and the honor of the college,  
And "whose hair is like the sunshine of God's grace."  
(quotation per special request, H. McC.)



"RUFUS"

RUTH C. McMAHON

Steubenville, Ohio

Mistress of Ceremonies Alpha Alpha (3)  
Literary Staff *Quarterly* (4)  
Literary Staff ANNALES (4)  
"Props and Paint"

*"I know the subjects that I want to get."*

Strangers (including the English Professor, the Photographer, etc.) always inquire about Ruth—

Because of her poise, her dignity, her little distingué air

Because of her way of talking that makes one listen to the way she says a thing rather than to the thing itself

And when we endeavor to explain Ruth's characteristics to the strangers we always tell them that Ruth is one of the "smart" girls,

that she is one of the honor pupils,

that she can be efficient when she bestirs herself,

that she has the ability to profit by past experience and so knows just how to act—in the most effective way,

and that she would get lots more done outside of class if it weren't for her passion for knitting gloomy black sweaters and vivid red ties.





"JENNIE"\*

JANE D. MAHONEY

Norwich, Conn.

Advisory Board (2, 3, 4)

Sodality Treasurer (2)

Corresponding Secretary of College (3)

Sodality Counsellor (3, 4)

*"I looked beyond the world for Truth and Beauty;  
I found it, and I did my Duty."*

Last year we would have included Jane among the class paragons  
Duty, Responsibility, untempered Justice, these were the keynotes of Jane's character

Work always thoroughly and scrupulously done

And a dignity that her awe-stricken classmates unsuccessfully endeavored to ignore  
by clubbily calling her "Jennie"

But it is this year

There is a giggle to be taken into consideration, an almost hysterical sense of humor

A tendency to have her work done—just on time

A removal of her eyes from "beyond the world" to the human interests centered in  
the heart of the world (i. e., in '18!!)

A chatty, friendly manner that invites confidence and results in friendship

Oh, who will say that we would prefer the Jennie that was to the Jane that is?

\* until Senior year.



HORTENSE R. MONAGHAN

New York City

*"Those who come late among us are no less welcome—"*

The clock in the hall winds up at twenty minutes after each hour  
 In a little while Hortense appears  
 She comes in, and bangs the door  
 And goes out for a chair, and bangs the door  
 And comes in with the chair, and bangs the door  
 And drops her books a few times in her progress around the room with the chair  
 But finally settles herself and the books in the chair, in the most distant corner of  
 the back row  
 Then the class breathes a sigh of relief,  
 The two big events of the morning being over, it settles down to work—for all's right  
 with the world  
 In Freshman year we discovered that Hortense was always late, always in the same  
 matter-of-fact, cheerful mood, always exceptionally clever, especially in English  
 class, always taking conditions (as a result of being always late), and always had a  
 well-balanced opinion on everything happening in the college world or in the outside  
 world.  
 Senior year has discovered no more for us  
 Except to deepen the impression that when the clock has wound itself, and Hortense  
 has appeared, it's time to settle down to work  
 —for all's right with the world.





IRENE E. MULCAHY

New York City

Class Team (2)  
 Secretary Glee Club (3)  
 President Glee Club (4)  
 Choir Mistress (4)  
 Business Staff ANNALES  
 "Props and Paint"

*"She sings as sweetly as a nightingale."*

Irene—the reason musical societies flourish at N. R. C.

Irene—whose sweet soprano voice, dependableness, and general capabilities furnish an efficient leader for said societies

Irene—whose sweet soprano voice "come-hither" smile, and general attractiveness furnish a strong argument against allowing susceptible under-classmen the freedom of First Corridor

Irene—of whom Chaucer has written, "for she seemed busier than she was"

And Irene, who must have been the inspiration for those art calendars that feature Dresden China blondes with the kind of a profile one always imagined existed only in the artist's imagination.



MARY MULLAHY

Lee, Mass.

*"Thou can'st not say that I provoked thee; I have been silent."*

A quiet, cool, indifferent person—  
 who has strong feelings but seldom takes the trouble to reveal them,  
 who has a decidedness of opinion that no effort can unbend,  
 who has a low, tremulous voice that no ear can hear,  
 —this, the superficial impression of Mary.  
 But honor marks in nearly everything,  
 high ideals and deep affections,  
 a generous, sacrificing disposition,  
 one of the few girls who know the real meaning of friendship,  
 a peculiar propensity for disregarding all necessary precautions and for acting as  
 recklessly as possible,  
 and a disposition that never forgets—but that always forgives—that's the real Mary.





FEARL

## FLORENCE E. O'GRADY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Literary Staff *Quarterly* (2, 3)Editor-in-Chief *Quarterly* (4)

Art Editor ANNALES

Choir (3)

Chairman, Play Committee (2)

Chairman of Reports

Current Events (2)

Class Recorder

*"I'll not be tied to hours or 'pointed times, but learn my lessons as it please myself."*

There was once a girl who lived under a magic spell

While the spell worked, the girl could do anything she turned her hand to

—she could draw

—she could write poetry

—she could write stories

—she could sit and stare at the electric lights and read your future

—she could pass examinations with flying colors.

—she could translate Latin at sight or do Math without effort.

But alas! there was only one hour in which the magic spell worked

It was the eleventh!

During the other ten hours the girl was quite irresponsible

—while she should have been drawing, or translating Latin or doing Math, she would be writing poetry or telling fortunes, or vice versa.

And *that* demonstrates the difference between laziness and indolence—

The girl told us so herself.

You see, the girl was Pearl!



MARY L. RIORDAN

Norwalk, Conn.

Treasurer Glee Club (2)  
Secretary Sodality (3)  
Literary Staff ANNALES (4)  
Glee Club

*"Given to bursts and starts of revel—"*

An impulsive, temperamental disposition that is sensitive and impressionable; that knows the Heights and the Depths (and woe betide her associates when Mary is in the Depths!!).

A curious mingling of athletic ardor, love of variety, a craving for excitement, with a poetic strain that responds quickly to poetic stimuli—to the very mention of literature.

An eternal spirit of fun, an endless stock of jokes, with a tendency to practical ones, and always a highly developed sense of humor—which sense of humor may be responsible for her distressing habit of making fun of you right to your face).

These, a few of the characteristics which make Mary interesting to the greater part of the college.





"BESSIE"

ELIZABETH G. ROUTH

New Haven, Conn.

Treasurer Alpha Alpha (3)  
Glee Club

*"For she is the very soul of sweet courtesy."*

Everyone agrees about Bessie—

—that she combines a great charm of manner and an unfailingly optimistic outlook into the pleasing personality that makes her a most desirable companion

—that she always has a word of encouragement for the down-hearted and a word of consolation for the down-trodden

—that she is just studious enough to be a worthy representative of '18

—that despite the suave manner, there is a strong undercurrent of stubbornness

—and that while she may excel at can-opening, she is not a success as a hanger of curtains (memories of Freshman year)

Yet, when her roommate, her classmate, in fact when everybody agrees about Bessie, what else can we say but that she is in good truth "the very soul of sweet courtesy."



"DOLLY"

DOROTHY J. RYAN

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Manager Class Team (1)  
 Captain Class Team (2)  
 Class Vice-President (2)  
 Class Secretary (3)  
 Class Representative Glee Club (4)  
 "Props and Paint"

*"I'm the most reasonable woman in the world when I'm treated properly."*

An eternal grin—

An air of calm complacency—

An amount of cleverness, but a greater amount of indifference that prevents any surprising strides along intellectual lines—

An easy-going disposition with an occasional tendency to worry.

A love of a good time, in season and out, and powers of risibility that often threaten destruction—

A sweet way that makes a favorable impression and a graceful habit of conceding to the opinions of others—

One of '18's chief athletic supports—

Properly speaking, an agreeable companion; in the college vernacular, "a good sport"

—Dolly—whose acquaintances speedily become friends and whose friends never become enemies.





LOUISE M. SCHLEICH

Watervliet, N. Y.

Class Team (2)  
 Vice-President Current Events Club (2)  
 Sodality Counsellor (4)  
 President of Sodality (4)  
 Advisory Board (4)  
 Class Treasurer (4)

*"Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town  
 Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,  
 Tapping at the window, crying at the lock,  
 Are the wee uns in bed? For it's now TEN o'clock."*

It takes a long time to know her—for she doesn't court attention as a rule—but four years' association with Louise has taught us—

that she possesses energy, industry, and determination to the nth degree,

that her conscience, sense of duty and efficiency must have inspired the pattern cut by heaven when it planned an Advisory Board,

that her perseverance, lack of sentiment and indomitable will have proved the despair of many,

that, despite her angelic disposition, she has a temper all her own

that it is her cheerful optimism that helps her "get there"

that those who possess her sincere friendship are blessed,

—and that the Advisory Board Treasury owes its prosperous condition chiefly to Louise's nightly prowls.



"TIMMY"

M. EUNICE TIMMONS

Greenwich, Conn.

Captain Class Team (1)  
Class Team (1, 2)  
Varsity Team (1, 2, 3)  
Director Ukeleles (3, 4)  
Vice-President College Orchestra (4)  
Secretary Alpha Alpha (4)

*"Thus I throw my dazzling spells into the college air."*

As well ask for the fourth dimension as for a specific explanation of the "dazzling spells."

—maybe it's the slow, high-pitched, drawly way of talking;  
—maybe it's the severely tailored clothes, the refreshing lack of frills and feathers;  
—maybe it's the boyish manner, the sincere greeting, the unaffected conversation, the courteous farewell;  
—maybe it's the constant friendliness, the sameness of disposition that is a relief from the various temperaments with which one has to contend;  
—or it may be the way she plays basketball;  
—or the way she accepts your grief as hers;  
—or the way she'll work for you (though she isn't always so particular about working for herself;  
—or the versatile tastes, ranging from Gym work to poetry;  
Whatever it is, there's a magic spell about Timmy before which many have completely fallen, and from which none are completely free.





MARY E. WARNER

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Assistant Art Editor ANNALES  
Class Secretary (4)

*"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."*

The name "Mary Warner" is a synonym in the college vocabulary for gentleness.

Her very appearance is gentle

—her fair hair and white skin

—her great gray eyes and her sweet expression.

The name "Mary Warner" is a synonym in 1918's vocabulary for more than gentleness.

It means 90% in examinations.

It means reliability.

It means the intensely serious manner that is all Mary's own.

And it means the inimitable way of reading Browning that is bound to become a college memory for no one can ever hope to equal it.

But do not be deceived.

There are some things about Mary that are decidedly *not* gentle

—the way she plays basketball

—the way she reads,

"You blocks, you stones, you WORSE than senseless things!!!"



IRENE WIGHTWICK

Rye, N. Y.

Class Team (1)

*"The weapon that no enemy can parry is a cheerful spirit."*

A quietly strong person, who possesses an abundance of vitality, ambition and concentration of the kind the B. S. students crave.  
 who has never a thought of concealing her real opinions  
 who has a quick, eager disposition and a willingness to do anything that the courses necessitate and several additional things as well  
 who has a genial, natural manner that marks her at once as sincerity's own  
 who always makes the best of everything  
 and who has the rare trait of being willing to do anything for the good of the class, even at the sacrifice of her personal pursuits.





MARGARET C. ZIMMERMAN

New Rochelle, N. Y.

*"I just kept quiet and took notice."*

Sometimes one forgets Margaret

—she is so quiet and shy and unpretentious.

Sometimes—but not often

—not when one wants to copy some work in a hurry

—not when one needs a reliable person to do an important errand in the village

—not when one seeks a companion who will be agreeable without fawning, who will be cheerful without being Polly-Anna-ey, who will talk in a well-informed way on current topics, who will meet one half way but not two thirds of the way

—in fact, one never forgets Margaret, though she *is* shy and quiet and unpretentious, when one is looking for someone who is not a butterfly, but a real girl—the kind of a girl that N. R. C. tries to give to the world and the kind of a girl that N. R. C. is giving to the world in Margaret Zimmerman.

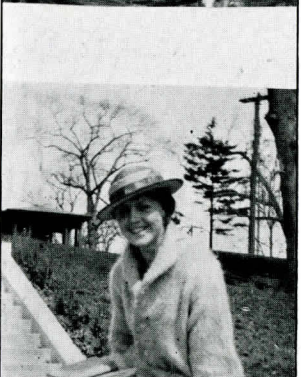
## Ex '18



ROSALIE CONLAN (3)  
New York City



ELEANOR CORYELL (1)  
New York City



MARIE J. DEAN (2, 3)  
New York City



LOLLIE A. DORGER (1, 2)  
Cincinnati, Ohio

DOROTHY I. GUBELMAN  
(1, 2)  
Buffalo, N. Y.

SARA E. GRAHAM (1)  
Butler, Pa.

ESTELLE HOUSTON (1)  
Greenville, S. C.

KATHRYN B. McCUE (2, 3)  
Dorchester, Mass.

MARGARET McCLUSKEY (1)  
Syracuse, N. Y.

KITTY McQUADE (1)  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

GLADYS McLAUGHLIN (1)  
New York City

GRACE MAGAN (1)  
New York City

KATHLEEN MILES (3)  
Burlington, Vt.

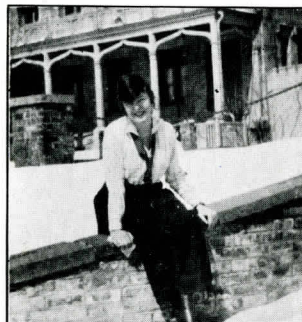
TERESA MURRAY (1)  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

HELEN O'BRIEN (1, 2)  
Scranton, Pa.

ESTHER O'TOOLE (1)  
New York City

EVELYN REYNOLDS (1, 2)  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

EMILY WOODARD (1)  
Macon, Ga.







## Since They've Left Us

Eleanore Coryell is completing her higher education in Barnard; her long, long braid of hair has achieved a coronet around her head and her long, long recitations have cast a glow around her name. And Rosalie, in her meteor-like career through the colleges of the country, has gotten as far as Adelphi for her Senior Year. Marie Dean's long-suffering of school and its various annoyances has finally been exhausted; on December 8, 1917, Marie was married to Joseph McDonald, Kathryn Cocks being the bridesmaid. Down in Cincinnati, Lollie is patiently waiting for the war to end in order to marry Robert Niehaus; up in Buffalo, Dot Gubelman, who never did bother much about such trifles as war or exams, was married on November 14, 1917, to that well-known George H. Boutet, Jr., of whom a large and smiling photo was among the many adornments on Dot's dresser during her two joyous years at N. R. C. The United States has taken Sara Graham's brother for military service and Sara is successfully managing their large department store out in Butler. Estelle, even as in our Freshman days, is doing nothing much in particular "down home" in Greenville, excepting being her own lovable Southern-y self—as in our Freshman days. But Kay—Kay has at last come into her own and Harvard boasts another student. And Margaret McCluskey will be graduated this year from Syracuse University. That Kitty McQuade is degreeless this June is really due to Kitty's carelessness in matriculating, for Kitty spends almost as much time visiting N. R. C. as some of our classmates spend studying here. As Mrs. Walter Deacon, Gladys McLaughlin, our beautiful, well-beloved Cinderella of Freshman year, sends pictures of Walter Junior that completely distract our attention from books and that almost console us for the loss '18 suffered when Gladys went away. Kathleen Miles went back to the Burlington she left for a few short months' sojourn among us, and has entered the Sisters of Mercy. Grace Magan returned to New York completely exhausted after her intensive studying in Freshman year (!).

Teresa Murray, who attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art, has given up her dramatic work for the period of the war and is actively engaged in Red Cross work. And our Freshman President, Helen O'Brien, whose wonderful musical talent was once the pride of '18, is pursuing her musical studies at Columbia University. The business world that claimed Esther O'Toole after three short weeks in Freshman Year has never relinquished its demands upon her business ability; and neither has the life of a lady of leisure lost its fascination for Evelyn Reynolds. Of Emilie Woodward, whose artistic taste was responsible for many of the choices made in Freshman year, we have news that she is attending art school in New York.

These are the fields that have attracted our ex-'18's attention—since they've left us.



## "Cinderella"

May 6, 1915

Being the first original Class Play presented by 1918, and being based on the fairy-tale "Cinderella."

### Dramatis Personae

Cinderella	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	GLADYS McLAUGHLIN
Serena	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARIE BOGART
Sophy	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ELISABETH BRADY
Fairy Godmother	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY GUBELMAN
Prince Colspiritus	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY DONOVAN
Father	{	<i>Cinderella</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	TERESA MURRAY
		<i>Serena</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
		<i>Sophy</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
Alcibiades	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	SARA GRAHAM
Page	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	KITTY McQUADE
Fairies, Lords and Ladies	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	CLASS OF '18

- ACT 1. Cinderella's Home.  
 ACT 2. Grand Ball Room (Pantomine).  
 ACT 3. Same as Act 1.  
 ACT 4. Same as Act. 2.

Music Accompaniment	{	<i>Violin</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HELEN McCANN
		<i>Piano</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HELEN O'BRIEN

### Committee

	ELISABETH BRADY, <i>Chairman</i>	
DOROTHY DONOVAN		FLORENCE O'GRADY
TERESA MURRAY		HELEN CASEY
	ELEANOR CORYELL	

Cinderella's toast in Freshman Year,

'18's toast forever:

"Here's to the Queen, the right royal Queen, who has made life here right royal for me—  
 here's to 1916."

## "Everyman"

Thursday evening, December sixteenth  
nineteen hundred and fifteen

Presented by 1918 in Sophomore Year  
under the auspices of "Props and Paint."

### Dramatis Personæ

Messenger	KATHRYN COCKS
Adonai	A VOICE
Dethe	HELEN CASEY
Everyman	GLADYS McLAUGHLIN
Fellowship	DOROTHY DONOVAN
Cosyn	MARIE BOGART
Kyndrede	HARRIET BURNS
Goodes	RUTH McMAHON
Knowledge	ELISABETH BRADY
Confessyon	MARGARET KEANE
Beaute	HELEN CLOSS
Strengthe	DOLLY RYAN
Dyscrecyon	LORETTA BRANON
Five-Wyttes	HELEN McCANN
Aungree	LOUISE SCHLEICH
Doctour	KATHRYN COCKS

Under the direction of Mrs. Estelle H. Davis

## Sophomore Play

May 11, 1916

Being the second original Class Play presented by 1918.

Students	.	.	.	MISSES DONOVAN, KIERAN, MULCAHY, FLEMING
Gypsies	.	.	MISSES CASEY, RIORDAN, RYAN, BOGART, BRANON, WIGHTWICK	
Dancers	.	.	.	MISSES DEAN, KEANE, MULCAHY, COCKS
Alma Mater	.	.	.	KATHERINE McCUE
Strollers thru' the Woods	{	.	.	MEMBERS OF 1918
Closing Chorus		.	.	
Pianist	.	.	.	ELINOR CUNNINGHAM
Violinist	.	.	.	HELEN McCANN

SCENE 1—A morning in September

SCENE 2—Annual picnic in Pelham Woods

SCENE 3—An evening in June

### Committee

FLORENCE O'GRADY, *Chairman*

MARIE KIERAN

MARY RIORDAN

GERTRUDE FLEMING

HELEN CASEY

DOROTHY DONOVAN



## "The Silver Thread"

April 19, 1917

Being presented by 1918 in Junior Year  
under the auspices of "Props and Paint."

### Dramatis Personæ

Cubert, <i>a miner boy</i>		HELEN CASEY
Dame Morna, <i>his mother</i>		IRENE MULCAHY
The Woman From Beyond the Hills		HELEN CLOSS
The Princess		RUTH McMAHON
Nabina, <i>lady-in-waiting</i>		KATHRYN COCKS
Alice, <i>a maid</i>		LOUISE SCHLEICH
King Radnor		MARGARET KEANE
Guards	}	HARRIET BURNS
		HESTER MOONEY
		CLARE SHEEHAN
Goblin King		MARY McANIFF
Prince Slumpkin		ELISABETH BRADY
Ratkin	} <i>Goblins</i>	MARIE KIERAN
Molesear		GERTRUDE FLEMING
Shag		DOROTHY DONOVAN
Troll		LILLIAN COSTELLO
Clawfoot		ELIZABETH DORAN
Mottlesnout		LORETTA BRANON
Red Hoof	}	MARIE BOGART

TIME: The mythical age.

SEASON: The Spring.

PLACE: A kingdom west of the Moon and east of the Sun, yet too far from the rock-bound hills of Cornwall.

## "Melo-Drama, Old and New"

May 16, 1917

Being the third original Class Play presented by 1918

### Dramatis Personae

#### ACTS 1 AND 3

Marie	MARIE KIERAN
Dot	DOT DONOVAN
Irene	IRENE FOSTER
Mary	MARY McANIFF
Irene	IRENE MULCAHY
Ruth	RUTH McMAHON
Eunice	EUNICE TIMMONS
Rosalie	ROSALIE CONLAN

#### ACT 2

Daphne Allen	DOROTHY DONOVAN
Anne Buckingham	MARIE KIERAN
Constance Breckenridge	IRENE FOSTER
Olivia Blair	MARY McANIFF
Janice Wayne	RUTH McMAHON
Lorraine Parker	IRENE MULCAHY
Celia Meredith	ROSALIE CONLAN
General Cox	KATHRYN COCKS
Captain Roderick Allen	HELEN CASEY
Lieutenant Montgomery	EUNICE TIMMONS
Lieutenant Fortesque	GERTRUDE FLEMING
Captain Trummond	LOUISE SCHLEICH
Major Randolph	HARRIET BURNS
Alciabiades	LORETTA BRANON

#### SCENE

ACTS 1 and 3 Roof Garden, N. R. C., just before Colonial Ball.

ACT 2 Home of the Allans in Revolutionary Days.

### Committee

ELISABETH BRADY, *Chairman*

RUTH McMAHON

DOROTHY DONOVAN

MARIE KIERAN

# "The Spirit of '18"

April, 1918

Being the fourth and last original Class Play presented by 1918

## Dramatis Personæ

The Average Girl . . . . .	MARIE R. BOGART
The Spirit of '18 . . . . .	MARIE KIERAN
Average Girls . . . . .	{ BESSIE ROUTH RUTH McMAHON LORETTA BRANON KATHRYN COCKS EUNICE TIMMONS
The Irish Girl . . . . .	HELEN CASEY
The Grecian Girl . . . . .	HELEN CLOSS
The Spanish Girl . . . . .	MARY McANIFF
The Dutch Girl . . . . .	IRENE MULCAHY
The Japanese Girl . . . . .	DOT DONOVAN
The Quaker . . . . .	IRENE FOSTER
Quakers . . . . .	{ GERTRUDE FLEMING DOT DONOVAN LOUISE SCHLEICH HELEN CLOSS IRENE MULCAHY

ACT 1. The Land of Things As They Are.

ACT 2. (in two scenes) The Land of Things As They Might Be.

ACT 3. Same as Act 1.

TIME: The Present.

## Committee

ELISABETH BRADY, *Chairman*

DOROTHY DONOVAN

MARIE KIERAN

RUTH McMAHON





## 1918's Freshman Team

LORETTA BRANON

GLADYS McLAUGHLIN

DOLLY RYAN, Mgr.

EUNICE TIMMONS, Capt.

IRENE WIGHTWICK

SARA GRAHAM

### Team Song

Oh, take your hats off to us, we are Freshmen,  
We are Freshmen, through and through,  
And we'll never be blighted  
For we stand united,  
And we know what to do  
For the Gold and the Blue.  
Then our colors we fly from the Castle on high,  
As Gold as the sun and as Blue as the sky,  
And our voices we raise  
To do Honor and Praise  
To Nineteen-Eighteen.

(Tennessee, I Hear You Calling Me)

Oh, Freshman Six,  
You hear us cheering you,  
And don't you see  
The others fearing you?  
Stick to, play true,  
Oh, you look so grand  
Wearing the Gold and Blue.  
1918  
Is right out strong for you,  
So send your troubles far away.  
There's only one team can win today,  
All people say  
When the Freshmen play.

(Chinatown)

Freshman Six will win the game  
That is played today,  
And we know the reason why  
They keep the ball away  
From the scheming Sophomores,  
Who should not hope to win.  
Because to beat our Freshman team  
Would be an awful sin.

Mid-Year Meet, March 13, 1915

(The Same Sort of Girl)

The same sort of colors you wear at a wake,  
The right ones for Sophomore and that's no mistake,  
For its purple you wear when you're feelin' the worst,  
It's the chief decorations on many a hearse.  
It's the color you wear when you're feelin' quite bad,  
But what right had Sophomores to ever feel glad?  
It's the color that's bound to go down to defeat,  
In the Freshman and Sophomore Meet.

(You Never Can Tell)

It's a pleasure to tell,  
So we're going to say,  
How the Sophs songs and yells  
Came to us one fine day.  
We didn't put them to the test,  
We knew we liked our own songs best,  
No, we didn't tell why,  
And we didn't tell how,  
We just gave them right back—  
But we're telling it now,  
And we want the world to know,  
How we put it all over the Sophs.

(Dixie)

Don't you wish you were in the Class of '18?  
We're the best class that has ever been—  
Sophomore, N. R. C.—  
Sophomore, '18.  
For we're glad we are in '18  
We are, we are.  
And we're sorry for the rest of you  
Who can't be saucy Sophomores,  
Sophomore, '18—we're Sophomores, 1918.

(I'm At Your Service)

You had '17 at your service, girls,  
The Junior and the Freshmen girls,  
But what they did for your poor team  
Is hard to see, 1919.  
We don't care if you're short or tall,  
You surely can't play basketball,  
You may play "savage" like your sister class—  
But you can't beat '18.

Mid-Year Meet, March 25, 1916

(Hama)

Sophomores, Sophomores,  
See the Sophomore team,  
'18—'18, you surely are supreme,  
And when you come upon the floor  
We look to you for a high score—  
You're the only team in N. R. C.—1918.

(My Little Girl)

1918, the Class we all love,  
And we're strong for you each day,  
1918, for we're the Sophomores,  
And loyal we will stay.  
It's all for you our hearts are beating,  
For the Blue and Gold we'll cheer,  
1918—N. R. C. Sophomores,  
We're awfully strong for you.





## 1918's Sophomore Team

KATHRYN COCKS

IRENE MULCAHY

LORETTA BRANON

DOLLY RYAN, *Capt.*

GERTRUDE FLEMING, *Mgr.*

EUNICE TIMMONS

MARIE KIERAN

### Team Song

S means we're Sophomores of '18.  
 O for our organized team.  
 P means Preparedness which we can boast of.  
 H for our heroes who have proven us supreme.  
 O } means we're over-masters.  
 M }  
 O for our over-plus score.  
 R means we're raving when.  
 E our Emblem's waving.  
 That's the meaning of Sophomore.

## Sophomore Week

1916

TUESDAY, MARCH 7

Morning—!!!

Afternoon—!!!

Evening—Eighteen's Social—(Mystery Night!!)

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8

Morning—Class Yell!

Afternoon—Luncheon—(O-X-O). Jitney Bus Ride.

Evening—Class Play?!

THURSDAY, MARCH 9

Morning—Same as Tuesday.

Afternoon—The Dansant.

Evening—"Prom," N. R.'s exclusive Hotel, "The Living Room."

### The Mr Ow Club of 1918

Presents

NEWSY LA DAY

in a little farciality

STOP! LOOK!! LISTEN!!!

Music and Lyrics—Augusta Wind.

Book by—Ella Cution.

Staged by—Carter Lee.\*

#### Dramatis Personae

Newsy La Day—DOROTHY GUBELMAN

Eunice Sund—MARIE KIERAN

Giedon Gay—LOUISE SCHLEICH

Helen R. Hall—LORETTA BRANON

May Knott—DOROTHY DONOVAN

#### Chorus

Iona Coin—HELEN O'BRIEN

Lotta Nichols—MARY McANIFF

Lilly Pution—EUNICE TIMMONS

Anna Crusis—EVELYN REYNOLDS

Nora Marks—IRENE MULCAHY

#### Sophomore Week Committee

LORETTA BRANON, *Chairman*

FLORENCE O'GRADY

MARY RIORDAN, *Moderator*

\*(Quarterly, oh, ignorant ones!)

## Junior Week

1917

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7

Afternoon—"Her Soldier Boy."

Evening—'18's "Entre Nous."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8

Afternoon—Luncheon, Hotel Gramatan, Bronxville.

Evening—Class Play, "A Bunch of Roses."

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9

Evening—Junior Promenade, Hotel Biltmore, New York.

### Junior Week Committee

#### *Arrangements*

DOROTHY DONOVAN, *Chairman*

MARY MCANIFF

IRENE FOSTER

JANE MAHONEY

MARIE KIERAN

HELEN McCANN

#### *Play Committee*

ELIZABETH DORAN, *Chairman*

FLORENCE O'GRADY

ROSALIE CONLAN

BESSIE ROUTH

#### *Promenade Committee*

ELISABETH BRADY

HELEN CLOSS

MARGARET KEANE

MARIE KIERAN

RUTH McMAHON

IRENE MULCAHY

DOLLY RYAN

EUNICE TIMMONS



## Commencement Week, 1918

FRIDAY, JUNE 7

“Props and Paint” Day. Evening, Campus Play, “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

SATURDAY, JUNE 8

Sodality Day. Evening, Sodality Ball.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9

• Afternoon, Baccalaureate Sermon. Evening, Inter-class Speaking Contest.

MONDAY, JUNE 10

Afternoon, Conferring of Degrees. Evening, Alumnae Banquet.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11

Class Day. Evening, Glee Club Concert.

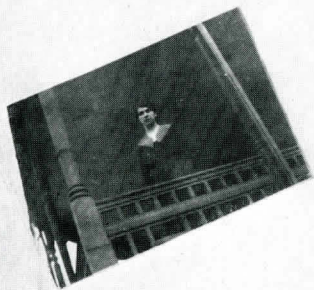
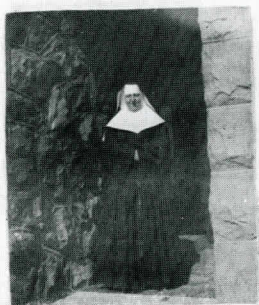
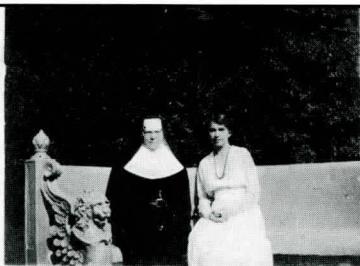
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12

Banner Day. Evening, Japanese Lawn Party.

## “In Unbroken Succession”

ANNA McLAUGHLIN	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1907-1908
CATHERINE DACEY	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1908-1909
MABEL JETTINGHOFF	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1909-1910
ROSAMOND RAWLINS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1910-1911
MARY SIMPSON	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1911-1912
ETHEL JETTINGHOFF	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1912-1913
ROSE FEIG	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1913-1914
EDITH SWIFT	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1914-1915
ELLEN KING	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1915-1916
HELEN O'REILLY	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1916-1917
MARY McANIFF	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1917-1918







## And They're Still Saying—

As a matter of fact.  
 Let's get ahead.  
 You fell down terribly on that.  
 Look it up in the dictionary.  
 I think this is sight, isn't it?  
 D'ye remember the beefsteaks before the war?  
 Take my watch, for example.  
 We all admit love is a wonderful thing  
 D'ye believe there's a method? Hands up!  
 So this is Peris!  
 No one told me that, girls. I heard it in the parlor.  
 They have this in every college now. HUMM!  
 Blood will tell.

## Do You Remember—

Hodge Podge?  
 Be and not seem?  
 As we think we are?  
 The sublime Philosophy of "I should worry"?  
 "We only see ourselves on the Road of Destiny"?  
 "On the stages of our souls the greatest dramas of our lives are played"?  
 —and remembering, will you not agree with Cooper when he says,  
 "Letters have never lacked their fascination  
 when they have been embodied in the thought and  
 personality of a great teacher—"—Miss Randall-Bent!



William C. Wallace, B.C.S.  
Professor of Commercial Law and of Accounting



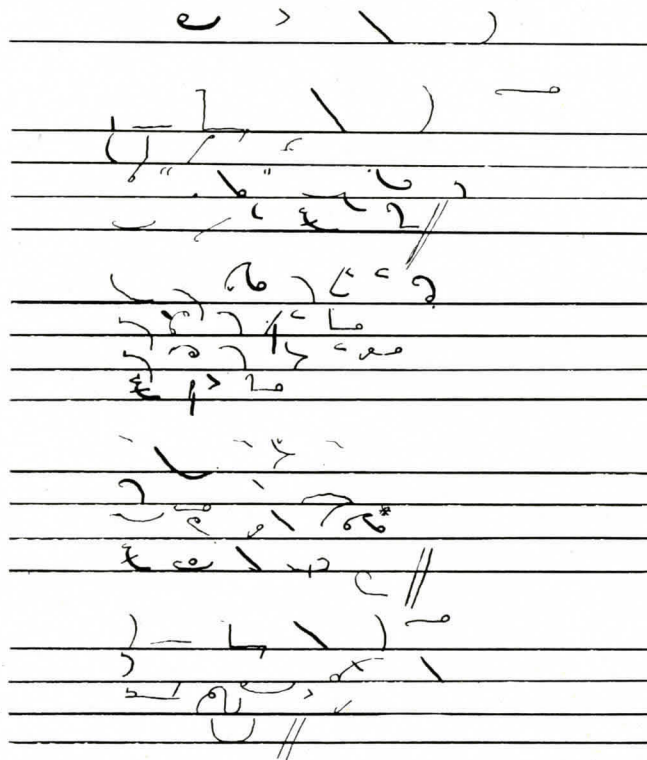
SATURDAY 11.05 A. M.

Bookkeeping was least of our virtues;  
     We viewed with despair  
 Work that was still to be done, and had not beer.—  
 All that bookkeeping were  
 If our hours would but lengthen to wish,  
     And our minds weren't so bare;  
 So we said "Well, we'd better do *some*, if it's  
     Only for looks."  
     And kept books.  
         (On Friday nights.)





"SYLLABILIZE!"



Effi Shency  
Cold Facts!

April 1, 1918  
99 Words at 50-50 with Burns

The every lass o' the Business Class,  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
For e'en and morn she cries, "Alas!  
I have to do Stenographee!  
The day I chose the Business Course  
A waefu' day it was to me  
For there's no night in all the week  
But I must do Stenographee.

The daily tests I must correct  
Of Eldridge sheets there are two or three;  
And seven letters I must write  
Before I'm through Stenographee!  
But if I do this every night  
And conquer my stupiditee  
And concentrate, I *trow* I'll get  
—A D in my Stenographee!!"

Short 8  
Type 7  
Spell 0  
Punch 1  
Copy 0  
A. L. 0

## Notes for Women!!!

Class Beauty,  
Helen Closs

Best All-Around Girl,  
Helen Casey

Most Popular,  
Mary McAniff

Class Infant,  
Harriet Burns

'18's Quiescent Attribute,  
'18's Most Talented Actress,  
Marie Bogart

'18's Operative Attribute,  
Louise Schleich

La Plus Chic,  
Dorothy Donovan

Cleverest,  
Elisabeth Brady





## "E" for Eighteen

(Look in My Face; My Name is Might-Have-Been.)

### I

Here's to the games that we might have won  
 In our Freshman and Sophomore days,  
 Here's to our brave plans for Sophomore Year—  
 To the Freshmen we didn't haze.

### II

Here's to the Bluebird that might have flown,  
 To our precedents few and sad:  
 To the Junior team that we might have known,  
 To the parties we might have had.

### III

Here's to the class-songs we might have sung,  
 To the motto we might have brought:  
 Here's to our banner of Blue and Gold—  
 (To the size that we might have bought!)

### IV

Here's to the Cross that we might have won  
 To the crush we would ne'er confess;  
 And here's to the thots that we're going to get,  
 When the Year Book has gone to press.

## LUNCHEON MENU

*Creamed Chicken on Toast, 30c**Eggs, in any style, 15 to 35c*

## SALADS

*Chicken 35c**Fruit 20c**Banana and Nut 20c*

## SANDWICHES

*Chicken 35c**Chicken Salad 30c**Ham 25c**Cream Cheese and Nuts 20c**Lettuce and Mayonnaise 20c*

## DESSERTS

*Pies and Puddings 10c**Ice Cream 15c**Spiced Toast and Hot Tea 25c**(afternoons only)**Tea 5c per cup; 10c per pot**Coffee or Cocoa 10c per cup**Ask about our Luncheon Special*

*A cup of tea, a piece of toast,  
And thou beside me,  
Sitting in the Exchange,  
Oh, Exchange were Paradise enow.*

*With little here to do or see,  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Loew's! again we walk to thee,  
Tho' we be campused.*

*Thy friendly darkness hides us well  
But oh! it were a crime to tell  
The fines we'll pay in New Rochelle—  
(For we are campused.)*

Aft 5-10  
except  
Sat.

**LOEW**

from 1.45  
to 5 P. M.  
7 to 11 P. M.

Mon. Tues. Wed.

March 4-5-6

VIOLA DANA  
in "BLUE JEANS"

A master piece of screen portrayal. Film version  
of the famous old stage success.

WITH PLEASING VAUDEVILLE

Thurs. Fri. Sat.

March 7-8-9

WILLIAM S. HART  
in "WOLVES OF THE TRAIL"

In this new production Hart is first seen as a daring  
highwayman.

## Wanted!

1. Chairs that won't creak.
2. Papers that won't rattle.
3. An applicant for the Art Course.
4. Concentration for the B. S. students.
5. A hockey team to play West Point.
6. Interpretation of the following:  
     "It isn't our college, it's yours;  
     it isn't your college, it's ours."
7. Armored tanks to convey upper classmen safely through the halls between periods.
8. A Senior who won't look at her own page first.
9. A college that can compare favorably with N. R. C.

---

Camouflage—a college gown at seven o'clock mass.

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## Prescribed Readings.

Commercial Law "Before the Dawn."

Poetics "In Name Only."

Education "The Iron Woman."

Latin "The Heart of Rome."

Analytics "Our Unknown Chum."

History "The Great Good Man."

Stenography "Work Without Hope "

Bookkeeping "The Damn Thing."

Apologetics "Phantom or Fact."

Methods "All His Own."





## The Independence of the Day Pupil

(As Mathew Arnold would have it.)

Weary of herself, and sick of asking  
 Why she's here, where she fain would not be,  
 From the door the home-sick Resident Student  
 Sees the day-scholar going home to Tea.

And a look of passionate desire  
 O'er the lawn and up the walk she sends,  
 "You who from my Freshman Year I've envied,  
 Take me home to Mother and my friends!"

"Ah, once more," she cries, "oh blessed day-scholar,  
 On my heart your mighty charm renew,  
 Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,  
 Feel my state becoming like to you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,  
 From the weary commuter's unquiet way,  
 In the rustling night-air comes the answer:  
 "Would'st thou be as We are? Live as We?"

"Undismayed by changing railroad schedules,  
 Undistracted by the sights we see,  
 Think you weary hours on the trolley  
 Afford us love, amusement, sympathy?"

"We must rise while still the stars are shining,  
Lest perchance we'd happen to be late;  
Dawn and we reach N. R. C. together,  
Since we've had Commercial Law at eight.

"Bound by these walls you can live regardless  
Of the weather—tho' it snow or rain—  
But at six o'clock when we have finished,  
We must start to travel home again!"

And so this warning given, severely clear,  
Engraven in your hearts you'll wisely bear;  
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that she  
Who boards on campus, hath no misery!"



"UTOPIA"

## Patents Pending —

The Burns Salute, 1918.  
 Back-Diving, Exhibitions given during college meetings, L. Branon.  
 The Honor System, Sr. Xavier.  
 The Art of Making Money, 1917.  
 The one drop of Blue Blood in the whole common college, 1921.  
 Stew that is more delicious than chicken.  
 Fifty-eight minute periods, M. Loyola.  
 Automatic Letter-writing, D. Donovan.  
 A golden smile, 14k.  
 Tuesday mornings, that will follow Monday nights, M. de Sales.

## Faux Pas

Expressing your real opinion in Sociology Class.  
 Stating emphatically that you do *not* understand what Logic is about.  
 Sitting within ten feet of your nearest neighbor at Apologetics.  
 Knowing the answers to some of the Poetics questions.  
 Doing write-ups for ANNALES with *all* the characteristics of the individuals in them.  
 Assuming in your conversation that Marie Kieran voted the way of the rabble.  
 Talking glibly about Pot-Pourri or wondering if the *Quarterly* will be out on time.  
 Asking M. E. O'B for a package addressed to someone else.  
 Absent-mindedly quoting,  
     "For that's my name, Sammy, and I reckon I'll stick to it,"  
         in the Gym Building, or  
     "For in my haste I said, 'All men are liars'," .  
         in the Residence Hall.  
 Signing one's initials to the cut of a college seal (N. B. 1917).  
 Innocently inquiring if there's any more Incense around.  
 Letting your ball of yarn roll down the aisle in Education.  
 Moving after the last "Comme Ça!" has been said.

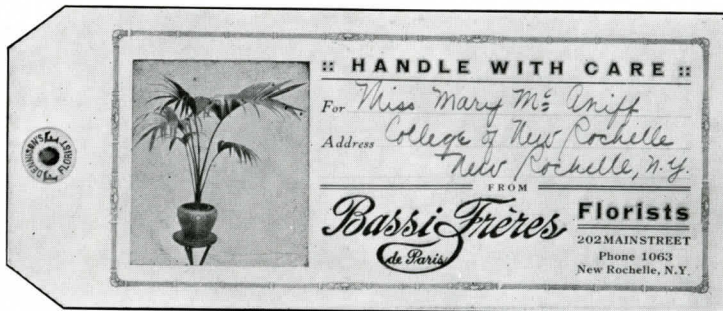




### Heart's Ease

There is a thing that I would wish to eat,  
But not unless there is enough for you,  
Chocolate and nuts—of all frappès most rare—  
Bring some, but bring enough for two.

“Have you seen the latest things in cards? In pastelle shades. Orders for same quickly supplied any evening after ten. Agents in every district.” ADT.



### A True Syllogism

Everyone loves Roses  
Mary is a Rose  
Therefore, everyone loves Mary.



"BY THEIR FRIENDS—





—YE SHALL KNOW THEM”



## Seven Wonders of N. R. C.

1. The judge whose decisions were never reversed.
2. The inquisitive man on the ferry boat (or was it the Hudson River Boat?) who asked about the cigarettes.
3. The philosopher who couldn't understand his own philosophy.
4. The frequency of the dinners my Principal gives.
5. The Juniors in Simmons.
6. The way it was in Trinity.
7. Our own refined homes.

*New Rochelle Standard*, March 4, 1918:

LOST—Gold ring with large, flat, dark blue stone, worn on little finger with fancy edging Sunday morning, between N. R. College and Church of Blessed Sacrament. Please return to Marguerite Conway, College of New Rochelle, or phone 3456.

A prodigy among us! Wilt say, oh Winton of the High Gear, dost always have fancy edging on your little finger or are these unique decorations affected only on Sunday mornings?



"COMME ÇA!"

### The Staff is Grateful—

1. For all the Year Books we've looked over, particularly the ones that showed us what to do.
2. But more particularly the ones that showed us what *not* to do.
3. For supplement No. 6, College Annuals of Distinction.
4. For Hausauer-Jones Art Department.
5. But also for the fact that it is our own title page.
6. For the Electric City Co.'s elastic 15th of February.
7. That Mr. Botto never succeeded in breaking his neck going into the Living Room.
8. That three or four of the village merchants still remain out of the Merchants' Exchange.
9. For the measles, for it gave us a chance to do the Year Book.
10. That this is the very last thing to be written.



'18's MENAGERIE

### Metamorphosis

Once they were rational animals,  
 They were all that the term connotes,  
 But alas for the change Senior Year has brought!  
 Now they are nothing but goats.

## 1918 According to the Best Authors

"I'll talk for myself.  
 Full of strange-sounding oaths.  
 Life is a pain; I hardly wish to keep it.  
 Marriage is a desperate thing.  
 And put my clouted brogues from off my feet.  
 There's no dependence on thee.  
 You walk like a stranger; may I be so bold as to know the cause of your coming?  
 Blessed be the man who invented sleep.  
 The kinks in her mind are nothing to those in her hair.  
 Cunning in music and in mathematics!!!  
 She doth purpose to earn her daily bread.  
 Our band was few but tried and true (Memories of the Old Guard).  
 Late, so late, but we can enter still.  
 There is a delight in singing, but I cannot find it.  
 You oft have been exempt, but never exempt from pride.  
 Serene in the rapturous throng, unmoved by the rush of—anything.  
 Assuredly the thing is to be sold.  
 What a spendthrift is she of her tongue.  
 How weakly thou dost talk.  
 Her mind was sure disturbed, my friends, or she would ne'er have talked so wildly.  
 Can I not be permitted to speak my own thoughts?  
 That smile! It never came of being gay.  
 With scanty fingers did she knit.\*  
 Her that rules the roost.  
 —a still, small voice.  
 Mingle, mingle, mingle, while you mingle May.  
 I will but pay my salutations here and instantly depart.  
 Cursed be he that moves my bones.  
 A marvelous capacity for making bad puns.  
 And not many furloughs hence is my father's residence.  
 For I've got my own opinions and I guess I'll keep them.  
 I had the hand of Justice to assist me.  
 For all my books were women's looks, and folly's all they taught me.  
 We were two daughters of one race, I and my sister Margaret.  
 The smile that won't come off.  
 I am not one who much or oft delights to season my conversation with personal talk."

[Instead of pesting the Editors, the Seniors are advised to examine their consciences for explanation of the above quotation.]

\* Or aren't the sweaters entirely finished?



## 1918 According to Themselves

Drop dead.

That's just dandy.

Oh, I'm hysterical.

My dear, I'm a pulp.

Now I'll tell you all about that. You see it happened this way. Now you see—

Um! All dressed up like Astor's pet horse.

Why not have Bluebirds for an emblem?

Pete Finnegan and little daughter Annie.

You simply have got to be at rehearsal on time.

I want you to distinctly understand I'm *not* the college janitor.

## Oral English

Djask Mudde Sales?

Yes'm goin' th' vilje.

Geta frap fers?

What's the purnt?

Let the cocoa burl but don't boin it.

Mis' Davis wancha ritaway furry hearsal.

Cominth' movies?

Can't. Gotta go toral ling-lish.

## Pure Speech Week

March 11, 1918

**Behold!**

What have we in our midst.

**Attention!!**

Begin Monday, as soon as you open your lips,  
and end———never, it must live forever with us.

Ever since you began your college career  
you have fought against your old enemy,  
bad speech habits, at last we have obtained

### A Plan for Pure Speech

(Another Great Victory Scored)

Each girl must speak correctly herself and  
then assist the girl or girls she is with by  
refusing to listen to any words that are not  
uttered properly

There is to be no punishment  
with this issue

There could not be one worse than that  
inflicted upon yourself by  
poor speech

It is entirely up to you  
See what College Spirit can do—

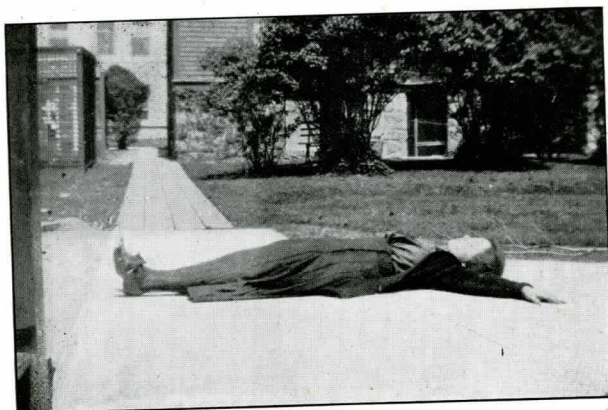
**The World's Greatest**

Master Spirit!

## Senior Specialties

VENE—Shifting scenery  
 LISBETH—Originality  
 HARRIET—Brushing her teeth; keeping up with "Do."  
 BOGIE—Eight o'clock sessions for under-classmen  
 HELEN—Popcorn  
 HELEN CLOSS—Vacations  
 COCKSIE—Breaking bones  
 LILLIAN—Oratorical Contests  
 GRACIE MAE—Saving Senior Souls  
 CUNNIE—Dodging P. O. S. B.  
 JEANETTE—Solving world problems  
 ELIZABETH D.—High tragedy  
 DOT—Play pickin'  
 GERTIE—Alto  
 CHRISTINE—Enthusiasm  
 IRENE F.—Explanations  
 MARY K.—"Rex"  
 ANN—First Aid  
 PEGGY—Legible writing  
 MARIE K.—Thrills  
 HELEN MC.—Correcting Senior Specialties  
 JENNIE—Family bulletins  
 ROSIE—Playfulness  
 RUTH—"The Little Princess"  
 IRENE M.—Having the boys up  
 MARY M.—Yokes  
 HORTENSE—Quick lunch  
 PEARL—Nell Brinkley  
 MARY L.—Dope for College Calendar  
 DOLLY—Correspondence  
 BESSY—Getting the "Vic" fixed  
 LOUISE—"Law" interpreted while you wait  
 TIMMY—Counting up points  
 MARY WARNER—Business  
 IRENE W.—Rushing  
 MARGARET—Silence





THE END OF A PERFECT WEEK

OR

WHEN THE FINALS ARE FINISHED

**To the Just Graduated**

Youth of the bounding ambition

Out in the strenuous mob,

Shall you Accept a Position

Or will you Hunt for a Job?

F. P. ADAMS—"By and Large"

## "Annales"

The first volume of "Annales" appeared in 1911, being published by the Senior Class. At that time the College was but seven years old and had only fifty-five students, so that the editing of a Year Book was a stupendous undertaking. To the first staff which, under Miss Helen Patton, blazed the way that each succeeding staff has followed, widening and broadening as it goes, all due honor should be given, and the Editors of the 1918 "Annales" would express to the Editors of the 1911 "Annales" sincere admiration of their courage and appreciation of their efforts which have been an ideal for all to follow and which have become a college tradition.



WINTER, 1918

"THE FROST IS HERE AND FUEL IS DEAR"

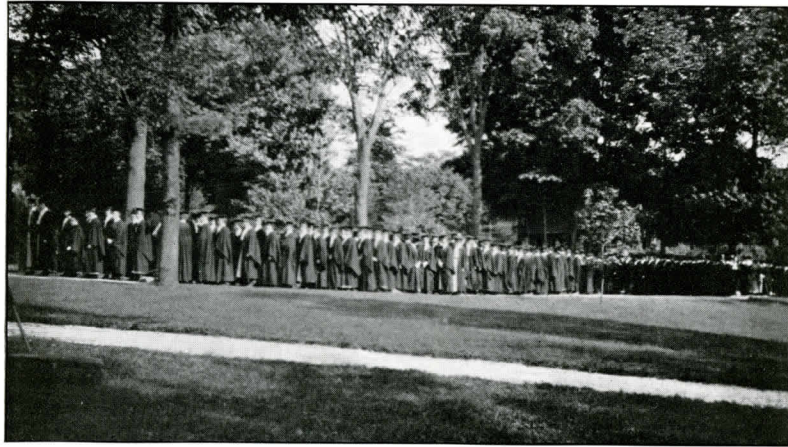


The Editors express to Mother M. de Sales, Mistress of Discipline and Moderator of "Annales," their sincere appreciation of the many kind permissions extended to them in connection with their Year Book duties during the year; to Miss Ellen Keegan, Instructor in the Secretarial Department, their grateful recognition of her willing co-operation with them in the work of preparing material for the printer; and to Miss Mary Mahoney, '19, and Miss Helen Gill, '20, moral remuneration for their generous donations of time and energy which so greatly facilitated the mechanical labors of the Staff.

'08

ANNALES

'18

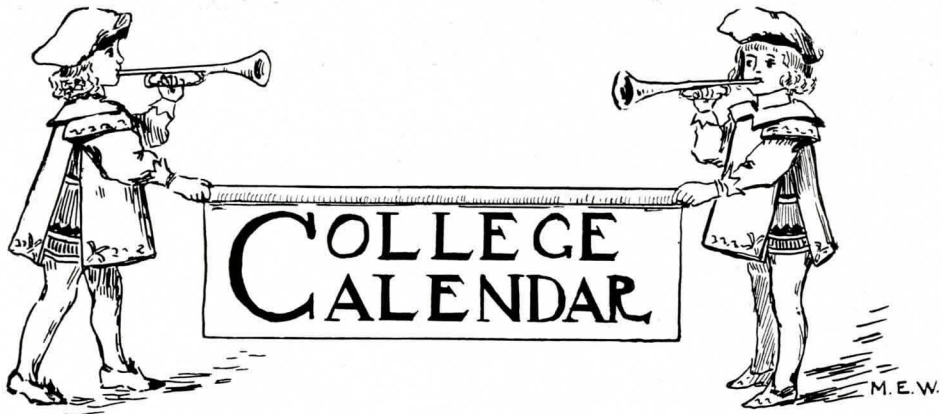


SPRING, 1918

"OH JUNE, OH JUNE, THAT WE DESIRED SO MUCH  
WILT THOU NOT MAKE US HAPPY ON THIS DAY?"

The Staff of "Annales" wishes to thank the Trustees of the College for their generous financial and moral support of this issue of the College Year Book





- SEPT. 25—College opened.
- SEPT. 26—The Juniors attempted to make the Freshmen feel at home.
- SEPT. 27—Mass of the Holy Ghost. We invoke the Spirit of Learning according to a time honored custom.
- SEPT. 29—The lonesome Freshmen prepare to go home—according to another time honored custom.
- OCT. 1—They all come back, Freshmen, Molly Hopper, Helen McCann, etc.
- OCT. 7—So this is New York!
- OCT. 8—"It's all right to do that if no one detects you."
- OCT. 9—Columbus Day. Annual picnic in Pelham Woods.
- OCT. 13—Condition Day.
- OCT. 16—Ruth Landry elected Chairman of 1921.
- OCT. 19—Investiture of Freshmen in cap and gown.
- OCT. 20—Founder's Day. Tea. Alumnae Visiting Day.
- OCT. 25—Hallowe'en Party.
- OCT. 27—To Tea or not to Tea? That was the question.
- OCT. 28—Not to Tea. *That* was the answer!
- OCT. 30—Piano Recital by Pasquale Tallarico.
- NOV. 1—All Saints Day. No classes.
- NOV. 5—First Alpha Alpha Meeting. New precedent tried out on the Juniors.
- NOV. 6—Election Day. No Loew's for the Seniors—Living Room instead.
- NOV. 12—Bishop granted holiday at the discretion of Mother Xavier.
- NOV. 13—Sodality Meeting. The truth of the matter.
- NOV. 15—Concert by the students.

- Nov. 17—Senior Speaking Contest. Mary McAniff won.
- Nov. 17—Seniors granted privilege of extending week-ends until Monday A. M.
- Nov. 18—Lollie Dorger, ex-'18, visited college.
- Nov. 19—Rest Cure established for Sophomores.
- Nov. 20—Snow.
- Nov. 21—The Sophomores register. Snake dance becomes popular in Maura Hall.
- Nov. 22—Mr. and Mrs. George Boutet, Jr. (Dot Gubelman, ex-'18) visit college.
- Nov. 25—Faculty Concert. Urgent request for flowers.
- Nov. 27—Thanksgiving Vacation started.
- Dec. 1—Classes resumed. Seniors find the new privilege expensive.
- Dec. 4—Sophomore Dramatic Play.
- Dec. 7—Sodality Ball. Navy hats prevailing head-dress.
- Dec. 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. '18 receives its diploma.
- Dec. 12—ANNALES Bazaar in Living Room.
- Dec. 13—Piano Recital by Herman Pantley.
- Dec. 16—Glee Club Concert.
- Dec. 17—Christmas Dinner. We see ourselves as others see us.
- Dec. 18—Christmas Vacation started.
- Jan. 7—Classes resumed.
- Jan. 9—Evolution of the Pussy Foots.
- Jan. 10—Mother de Sales held several truth parties.
- Jan. 11—The verdict—indefinite—
- Jan. 14—Song and Dramatic Recital by Edward Brigham.
- Jan. 16—Symphony Orchestra Concert.
- Jan. 17—Opening of Castle Tea House.
- Jan. 22—Mid-years. Heavy demands on the Spirit of Learning. Honor System.
- Feb. 3—Concert by Madame Gadski.
- Feb. 5—Month's Mind Mass for Father O'Farrell.
- Feb. 8—Mid-year Play in K. of C. Hall for benefit of K. of C. War Fund.
- Feb. 14—Valentine Party in Living Room.
- Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday. No classes.
- Feb. 25—Still celebrating. No classes.
- Feb. 26—The Colonial Ball—men all at war.
- Mar. 2—Undergraduates flock to card party held in the Waldorf by Alumnae.

- MAR. 4—Pure Speech Week begins.
- MAR. 13—Sophomore Speaking Contest. Sabyna Capper won.
- MAR. 14—Mid-year Meet. Sophomores won.
- MAR. 17—St. Patrick's Day. Another day for the Green and White.
- MAR. 21—Junior-Sophomore Game. Juniors scored highest. Spring house-cleaning.
- MAR. 22—"Get out of that corner."
- MAR. 24—Retreat began.
- MAR. 28—Retreat ended. Easter vacation started.
- APR. 7—Classes resumed.
- APR. 9—Illustrated Lecture on Franciscan Monasteries.
- APR. 10—Sophomore Class Day.
- APR. 21—Sociology Report due.
- MAY 9—Senior Class Day.
- MAY 10—Philosophy Thesis due.
- MAY 14—May Day.
- MAY 15—Junior Class Day.
- JUNE 7—Commencement week began. Campus Play.
- JUNE 8—Sodality Day. Sodality Ball.
- JUNE 9—Baccalaureate Sermon. Speaking Contest.
- JUNE 10—Conferring of Degrees. Alumnae Banquet.
- JUNE 11—Class Day. Glee Club Concert.
- JUNE 12—Banner Day. Japanese Lawn Party.
- JUNE 13—'18 packed its trunks for the last time.
- JUNE 14—Good-bye forever, N. R. C.



08

ANNALES

18

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The Alumnae Association  
of the  
College of New Rochelle

1908 - 1918

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## The College of New Rochelle

The College of New Rochelle was founded in 1904 at New Rochelle, New York, by the Ursuline nuns. The College, which was opened under the name of St. Angela's, was the first New York State Catholic College devoted to the higher education of young women and was the third of its kind in the United States.

The day and boarding, elementary and high school, that the Ursulines had opened in 1897 in the historic old Leland Castle, had prospered and grown; and the dream of Reverend Mother Irene, then Superior, since Provincial of the Ursuline Province of the Northern United States, was realized when the college department opened its doors.

In the years immediately following, the college grew so rapidly that twelve large dwelling houses in the neighborhood were bought and turned into dormitories for the girls, each dormitory building being in charge of a Sister, and each building being an ideal home.

In 1908 the new recitation hall which had been erected opposite the Castle was opened. This building, known as the Gymnasium, is equipped with recitation rooms, with up-to-date laboratories, both physical and chemical, with an auditorium where a large stage is carefully designed to meet the concert and the dramatic needs of the college, and with a gymnasium appointed with everything athletic that can add interest and healthful pleasure to college life.

In 1912 the corner stone of a new Residence Hall was laid, and in 1913 this building, on the western end of the campus behind the Castle, was opened to the students under the name of Maura Hall. Maura Hall is the ideal residence hall. The ground floor is occupied by the beautiful English dining hall where the sun streams in all day through the great windows, and by the spacious low-ceilinged living-room, which, with its luxurious tapestry furniture, its grand piano, its tables filled with the best current magazines, and its atmosphere of comfort and hominess, is the admiration of all who visit the college. The three upper stories of the building are occupied by dormitories, and the class "cosy rooms" on each corridor, which cosy rooms are fitted up with wicker furniture and with drapings of the colors of the individual classes.

Despite the enormous size of Maura Hall, the cottages have been retained and have been moved into groups, making the Campus a compact world of its own.

Last year the college chapel in the Castle—the building once the whole college, now only the library, the reception halls, the faculty apartments, and the study halls

of the lower school—was enlarged to occupy the entire second floor of Leland Castle. There are plans slowly maturing for the erection of a new chapel, a hall of music and a domestic economy building.

The college, which opened its doors to nine girls in 1904, today counts its Alumnae by the hundreds, and each year receives as Freshmen a class three or four times as large as the entire college was a few years ago.

Courses in Arts, Sciences, Secretarial Studies, Music and Letters are offered. The Arts Course, leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, is a general course. The Science Course, leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Science, requires grouped work in science. The Secretarial Course, which was opened in 1916, offers the general subjects necessary for a liberal education and special subjects designed to give scientific and technical training necessary to meet the growing need for trained workers in scientific, literary and professional pursuits. The course leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Letters is offered for students desiring to do intensive work in languages and literature.

There is no doubt that one of the greatest secrets of the rapid and efficient growth of the College of New Rochelle is due to the kind of teachers invariably employed in this institution. Ever since the establishment of the college the lay teachers employed have been selected with the greatest care from the ranks of those teachers who have had the advantage not only of college and university training but also the advantage of wide experience in teaching and in organization work. It is unnecessary to speak of the proficiency in the Ursuline nuns themselves. They have always been trained in accordance with the best pedagogical methods of the day, and the Ursulines at New Rochelle are the equals of their noted predecessors.

The graduates of the College have met with phenomenal success in whatever line of work they have undertaken; especially are the "New Rochelle girls" noted for their success in the teaching profession. During the last few years there has been a growing tendency for the graduates to enter the business world, and this June, for the first time, the Degree of Bachelor of Secretarial Studies will be conferred on those members of 1918 who have pursued the business course.

As fast as wisdom dictates, the College of New Rochelle will keep on adding courses until its curriculum represents offerings in every economic field for women. Slow, sure progress and conservatism are the principles upon which it bases its advancement, and thus it is assured of year by year accomplishing more and more in the field of educational endeavor.





VERA BABCOCK

## Officers of the Alumnae Association

VERA BABCOCK, '11	President
ANNA L. McDEVITT, '10	First Vice-President
ELIZABETH BURR, '11	Second Vice-President
CATHERINE BALL, '15	Corresponding Secretary
MARY F. BRADY, '12	Recording Secretary
MARGARET LONERGAN, '14	Treasurer

## The Alumnae Association

The Alumnae Association of the College of New Rochelle was established in May, 1908, on the day following the first Conferring of Degrees. The nine graduates of 1908 were the charter members, and from their number Nellie Hannon was elected as the first president.

Though the Alumnae flourished (as Alumnae of but nine members is bound to), yet for the few years following its establishment, this flourishing was a secret process that left no record of detailed deeds behind it, but that kept warm in the hearts of the pioneer graduates the love of the Alma Mater who looked to them to establish her reputation, and that was the nucleus of the flourishing organization of today.

Marion Hennessy, '08 (Mrs. William Birmingham), the second president, was re-elected; Mary McDonnell, '08, the third president, held office for three terms.

The principal activities of the organization during these early days were two—a mid-winter meeting held in New York City, and a spring meeting held in the reception rooms of the Castle on the afternoon of the Conferring of Degrees. The incoming members were, and still are, received into the Alumnae at a banquet given on the evening of Graduation Day.

On April 23, 1912, the first Alumnae Dance took place in New York City at Delmonico's, and until 1918 the yearly dance has been held in the same place some time in the late winter.

Elizabeth Burr, '11, assumed the office of president in 1915. In March of that year the New England Chapter was founded; in the fall, the first official report of the association, which then numbered one hundred and forty-three members, was issued.

Since then, the Alumnae Association has joined the International Confederation of Catholic Alumnae; Vera Babcock, '11, has been elected president; the first Alumnae Plays produced were so successful that they were repeated on several occasions; the classes of 1916 and 1917 have joined the ranks of Alumnae; and you who will read through the following pages will see that great strides have been taken in every direction to "foster the spirit of fellowship among the graduates and to promote the interests of the College."



"BETTY" BURR

## New England Chapter Alumnae

"Once upon a time" (this is a true story, you see) way back in the infant days of New Rochelle—St. Angela's we called it then—that well known and *once* highly respected common carrier, the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R., stopped at a place called Chicopee, and took on a young blue-stocking called Nora (sometimes "Nora Wouldst"). Then it slowly wended its way to Hartford and here Dot, Polly and Mary, the first of the famous "Smith line" boarded it. At Berlin—name of ill-repute—appeared "Dalila Doolittle," who, however, really came from New Britain; at Meriden, Hazel and the "humble author of these reminiscences" (that's borrowed from May Curran's "When the College was New" in the first ANNALES). A little later Agnes and Bina joined this party of "daughters of St. Angela" who were journeying in pursuit of that elusive phantom, higher education, to "the first institution of its kind for Catholic women in New York State."

The day of which I write was, to be exact, the Sunday after Thanksgiving of the year 1908. You remember, Dot and Polly, that you had worked nobly, but in vain, to convince Rev. Mother Augustine that "really nice people didn't travel on Sunday in Connecticut," and therefore registration after Thanksgiving recess should be not "Sunday at six," but "Monday at six."

How joyfully we greeted one another—how we talked and talked all the way down—and "college," "college," "college" was the theme of the conversation. What plans we made, what dreams we dreamed, for the wonderful new college, *our* college, which in a few short months had inspired in us a love and enthusiasm such as an older and more firmly established institution could never have awakened.

This journey was the first of many which this little group made together—the "Connecticut Delegation" we called it—(Nora wasn't really "Connecticut" but we shared honors with her) and these gatherings, though we didn't realize it then, were the meetings of an incipient New England Chapter. So that, when we came to *form* a chapter a few years after the journeys were over for most of us, it was a joyful reunion—a gathering of the clan!



It wasn't to have been a New England Chapter at first, only a Connecticut one, and we held a preliminary meeting to discuss plans at the Taft in New Haven on February 20, 1915. Here it was decided to broaden the proposed Connecticut Chapter into a New England one, so as to keep in touch with the girls scattered throughout the other States in numbers as yet insufficient to permit their forming local chapters, and plans were made for an organization meeting to be held in June.

It was an enthusiastic crowd of girls who gathered for the organization meeting at Mary Smith's in Hartford on June 26th. Need I tell you that the first and most important business of the meeting was an eager, excited discussion of all the news of New Rochelle—and how greedily the girls who had been out of touch with “college doings” for some time drank it all in?

Betty Burr, '11, then President of the Alumnae, as interested and enthusiastic about the proposed chapter as we New Englanders ourselves—from the beginning she'd been a perfect “brick,” always to be relied upon when help was needed—had come up from New York for the meeting, and gave us a most inspiring talk on the aims of the Alumnae as a whole, and the ways in which the New England Chapter could assist in their accomplishment.

After her talk a constitution was discussed and adopted and the following officers were elected:

President, Julia F. Sullivan, '12,  
Vice-President, Mary H. Smith, '12,  
Secretary, Agnes O'Reilly, '12,  
Treasurer, Anna McMahon, '15,  
Executive Member, Margaret Seltzer, '10.

It was decided to hold regular meetings in February and June, and special ones should the occasion arise, and the members were to do all in their power, individually and collectively, to promote the interests of New Rochelle throughout New England.

So far, so good! But now, as I look back, a doubt assails me. Has the history of the chapter been one of aspirations rather than accomplishments! Establishing most any thing is, after all, up hill work, and “chapters” are no exception to the general rule. In the two years in which we have existed we have encountered many

difficulties—our members are widely scattered and often find it hard to attend meetings. Nevertheless, the meetings have been held regularly and have been fairly well attended.

Two cherished plans we have been obliged to abandon—one, the presentation of the 1916 Campus Play, "The Fantastics," in Meriden, under the auspices of the chapter, because unforeseen circumstances at college made arrangements impossible—the other, the dance which we had planned to give at the Taft, during the Christmas vacation this year, which was, of course, abandoned because of the war.

On the positive side we have to offer a membership increased to thirty-five; and, through the kindness of Rev. Mother Ignatius, the privilege of conferring competitive scholarship which entitles its holder to four years' tuition at New Rochelle.

And now our "Magnum Opus"—so far, at least, is facing us. At the February meeting we are to discuss plans for our share in the 1918 Gift Fund, and we hope, then, to give substantial evidence of our activity. And to prove our love and loyalty for our Alma Mater, and for that devoted group of women who, by their work, sacrifice and prayer have made N. R. the "pride of all who enter neath her portals gray and tall."



JULIA SULLIVAN

## Reverend Mother Irene

FOUNDRESS OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE

We have left the shelter of our Alma Mater, but we return in memory and in imagination to the walls whose atmosphere breathes progress and peace. And what stands out most vividly as we recall those four years of joy and hopefulness? It is the remembrance of that great influence which pervaded our lives, it is the deep consciousness that we were stimulated by the presence of her who, like a lighted lamp, shed warmth and courage into the heart of the College. Gently, yet vigorously, has her unwavering belief in the God-given work of higher education for women broken down all barriers, fought all discouragement and now reigns triumphant in the glory of the College which calls her Foundress.

At the age of eighteen, Reverend Mother Irene entered the Ursuline Order at East Morrisania. She was among the band of nine which was sent to establish a community at Henry St., New York. This community developed rapidly and engaged itself in new undertakings in which Mother Irene played a most active part. In 1897 she aided in establishing the Ursuline Seminary of New Rochelle. But one of the greatest works for which God designed her did not materialize until 1904. In that year a notable event in Catholic history took place—the foundation of the first Catholic College for women in the State of New York.

This undertaking was finally accomplished, and the noble aim which Mother Irene had been steadfastly pursuing was brought to a successful issue. The new College flourished during the following years, until now it stands in all its strength and beauty and usefulness, numbering two hundred and thirty students, a pride and joy to the heart of the Church. Mother Irene has enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing hundreds of graduates go forth from their Alma Mater to bring distinction upon it by their lives of virtue and utility. Besides applying untiring energy to the maturing of this great educational thought, she has labored hard to aid in the establishment of the Canonical Union of Ursuline Orders. This was accomplished in 1906, and Reverend Mother Irene was chosen second Provincial Counsellor to attend the General Chapter of the Mother House in Rome. In April, 1909, she was elected Provincial of the Northern Province of the United States, which position she held for two succeeding terms. She has been Dean of New Rochelle College since its founding.

The first class of nine girls was graduated in 1908, and year by year that number has increased, until now, the year 1918 will behold thirty-six young women prepared to take their places in the world. They are reaping the fruit which she, after many years of anxious endeavor, has procured for them. They are going forth, fired with an impulse to mental progress and with a strong desire for virtue, and they will thus eventually prove that woman's mind can be raised to the heights of intellectual truth without diminishing the goodness and love of her heart.

On this page we wish to manifest the deep reverence, the tender love and the filial gratitude which we feel for our revered Foundress. We pay our tribute here to her high and noble qualities, and this tribute springs from the heart of every one who has had the privilege of living in the atmosphere which her spirit has inspired and of feeling the thrill of admiration in the presence of her who has scattered blessings along our path. She has gathered together and spent all her powers and energies to develop Christian youth toward the ideal of right life, of perfect womanhood.

The portrayal of her life resembles the immortal picture in the gallery of Scripture, of the valiant woman who like our Foundress hath put out her hand to strong things, she hath looked well to the paths of her house, and her children have arisen to proclaim her blessed.



The following friends of the Alumnae wish to join us in expressing  
heartiest congratulations to our Friend and Foundress

### Reverend Mother Irene

Mrs. Franklin W. Allen  
Mrs. Charles M. Babcock  
Mrs. Stephen Ball  
Mrs. Samuel H. Burr  
Mrs. Julian Cendoya, Sr.  
Mrs. Margaret Coulon  
Mrs. John W. Devoy  
Mrs. William de Visser  
Dr. Edward J. Doulin  
Mrs. John F. Greene  
Mrs. Dennis Harrington  
Mr. Nelson Hume

Mrs. Frank E. Hurley  
Mayor John H. Hyland  
Mr. Thomas W. Hynes  
Mr. James P. Judge  
Mrs. Martin J. Keogh  
Miss Anna McDevitt  
Mrs. John Mitchell  
Mrs. Alfred J. O'Keefe  
Mrs. John J. Ryan  
Mrs. Edwin W. Swift  
Mrs. Daniel Warren  
Mrs. Julia A. Walsh

## **International Federation of Catholic Alumnae**

The Alumnae Association joined the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae in 1915. Miss Anna L. McDevitt, 1910, has represented the Association at both the National Conventions, one at Chicago in 1915, the other at Baltimore in 1916. Miss McDevitt, who is one of the most enterprising, generous, faithful members of the Alumnae, will be delegate to the next convention, which will be held at St. Louis in November, 1918.



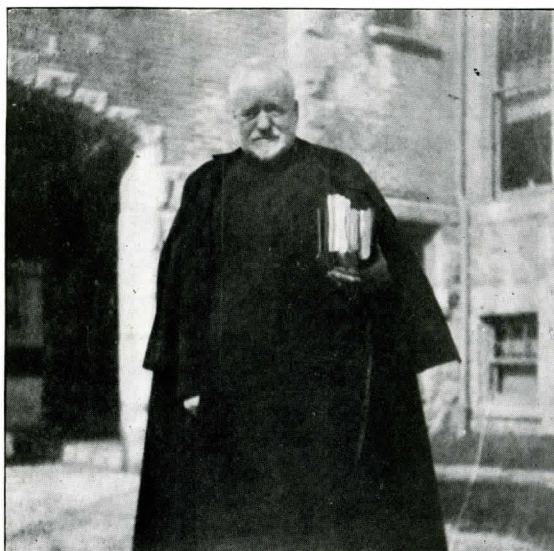
REVEREND P. A. HALPIN, PH. D.



## Father Halpin

Not long since, at a little afternoon tea, one of my friends said: "Margaret, I gave one of Father Halpin's books as a Christmas present this year!" And my heart went pitter-patter with delight to hear of his fame thus spread; to know that the beautiful thoughts, the wisdom and the learning of his extraordinary mind, were thus being passed on and on, to instruct and to inspire.

On my desk, in a little silver frame, is his picture—only a wee one, snapped one day with a humble Brownie No. 2, by one of us girls while he was strolling unsuspectingly across the campus. But the small camera did its task efficiently; the picture looks just like him! The soldierly bearing; the tall, splendid figure, with the romantic-looking cape-cloak thrown around his shoulders; the white hair, blown by the wind; the keen eyes, looking straight ahead!



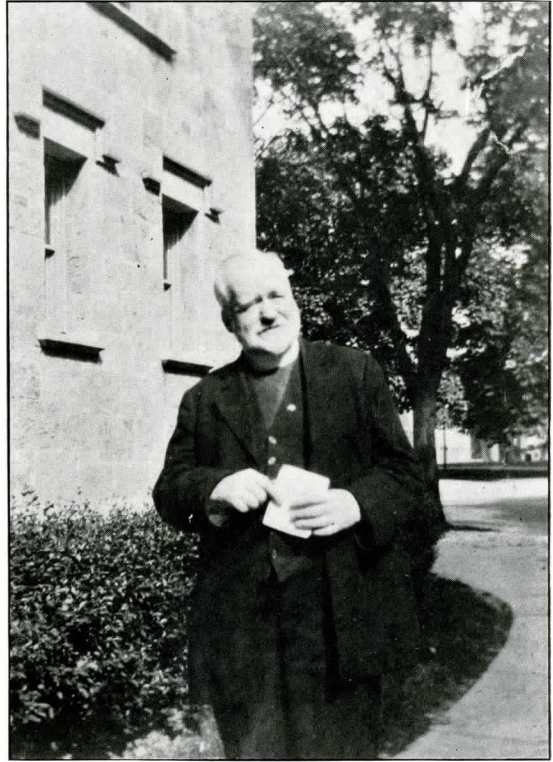
I know better than the little picture, however, how blue they are—"blue as water, when the sun of March shines through it." And they have a way of looking straight through you, into your very soul; yet so kindly that they cast pretty, golden lights on any dark spots there. When you come back to college and meet him, he is apt to say: "Look at me, child!" Then, with the flashlight of those keen eyes, he will search your heart in an instant; and if you've behaved well during the year or two since your last visit, he will say, with a humorous twinkle: "You're all right, child. I can tell by the left corner of your eye."

Under his arm is a little book—I know it must be *Coppens*, old *Coppens' Logic*, with the brick-red covers.

If I try to analyze the charm of him, I fail miserably. Is it his courtliness of manner; or his keen, peerless intellect; or his exact justice; or his simplicity and humility; or is it his gentle, consuming kindness and charity, which wins you most? I cannot say.

I got to thinking of him today—inspired, perhaps, by the small, silver-framed picture. It was as if I were turning the pages of a picture book of which he was the subject. The pictures did not work out a story; they were just mental snapshots of him, stored in my memory ever since those “violet days”—as Helen from Toledo used to call them—at C. N. R.

Come girls, and see the pictures in my memory book of Father Halpin! Here he is, on a spring afternoon, coming home from his walk through the village. He is swinging his cane; now he spies the very little four-year-old girl who lives in the cottage across from the gym—the cottage with the myrtle or bluebells all over the front lawn. She has a little bit of a broom with which she is sweeping the walk, over and over again; she is so busy that she must keep on sweeping even while she



talks with Father Halpin. He enjoys this babe hugely. That is one of the wonders of him—the simplicity joined to his greatness which makes him love the little ones, even as his Divine Master loved them. It is evident that the little girl likes him very much, also; too wee to be conscious of his greatness, yet wise enough to be won by his friendly smile. Gracious, girls! that babe must be ten years old now! How the years are flying!

And here he is again, sitting at the desk in our Logic Class. Remember that front classroom on the first floor, with its two long rows of chairs? The principles of reasoning he taught us there, and the beauty of truth. And he had so many, many stories tucked in the lesson. What a mind is his! Like an immortal's, truly!

He who had taught the men in Fordham University expected to find ours a toy college, and us girls not over-clever. But he was pleased, he used to tell us, to be disillusioned. Now and then, moreover, he would speak a neat, brief word of counsel, such as this: “Keep your heart like a poodle with a strong string attached. And don't let it get away from you—until you're *sure*.” Or: “Never turn the page of a letter; one page is enough to say all you *need* to say.”



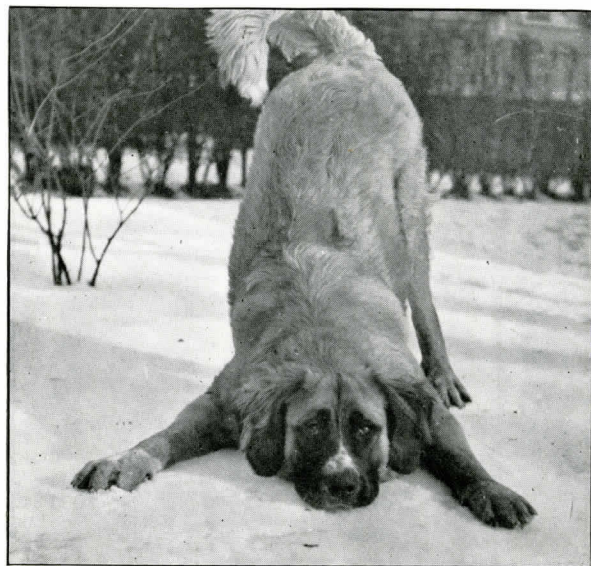
Maybe it was at our Alpha Alpha meetings, which he attended in courtly fashion, that he gave us those bits of advice. Alpha Alpha, our philosophical society which he founded! Remember the meetings in the beautiful Castle Hall; and how we used to put on our



prettiest dresses; and the papers read; and how we would thrill with pleasure at his least word of commendation?

In this next picture, girls, he is in the chapel—now preaching our Senior retreat; now our Baccalaureate Sermon. Each word—he used so few—a ton in weight; each one precisely chosen and beautiful; each one a precious seed, dropped into our hearts! Are we helping them to grow, girls, into the splendid plants he meant we should?

And here he is in his study, with books, books, books, from floor to ceiling—Aquinas,



"LEO"

Plato, and countless others! Seated in his big leather chair he is reading and thinking! On the table near is his set of Shakespeare—marvel of marvels for tininess! Each volume is as teenty-weenty as your littlest finger; and the miniature revolving shelves are made from the tree that grew in majesty near the great author's very birthplace! And there, on his desk, is the little gold statue of the Virgin Mary which he holds in his hands each night when he raises them to bless Alma Mater, the fair green campus and all who dwell within its happy bounds.

And, girls, I'm sure that bright rays from that nightly blessing reach us, too, and fall on our souls tenderly; for we Alumnae are all the great and kindly Father Halpin's own girls!



## **The Alumnae**

extends its deepest sympathy to Dr. John Aspell  
on the death of his beloved wife and our loyal friend,

**Mrs. John Aspell**

**Died**

**September 15, 1917**

In  
Loving Memory  
of  
**Agnes L. Murphy, '12**  
Died  
October 20, 1916  
and  
**Gladys M. Dering, '12**  
Died  
March 3, 1917

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Class of 1912

## An Interview With Miss L. E. Tucker

(FIRST PROFESSOR OF PEDAGOGY AT THE COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE)

I found Miss Tucker, Principal of P. S. No. 35, Manhattan, seated at her desk. She greeted me cordially, as she does all casual visitors, but when I said: "I am a former New Rochelle girl," her cordiality became warm, interested friendliness.

"What can I do for you, dear?" was her immediate query, and it was not long before I learned that this was very characteristic of Miss Tucker. She is one of those rare mortals who are more eager to do favors than seek them.

When I had explained that I was in search of some facts about the early years of my Alma Mater, and thought she, as the first professor at New Rochelle, was the best one to ask, she gave a cheery nod of consent and settled back with a reminiscent smile.

"It was in May, 1904," she began, "that I had a little talk with Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in the course of which he said:

'If a young woman studies and receives a Bachelor's Degree, she should be able to carry on mechanically the work of the past; if she receives a Master's or a Doctor's Degree, she owes it to the cause of Education to map out a field of original effort and do real work in that new field.'

"I thought of this talk as I walked to the subway and wondered what my field of original effort should be. I had just bought a copy of the 'Herald' and as I glanced over it, my eye was caught by the picture of a beautiful old castle. It illustrated an article which told of the contemplated foundation of a Catholic College for women in New Rochelle, under the direction of the Ursuline nuns.

"'Here is my new field!' I said.

"At 42d Street I left the car and ten minutes later was on my way to New Rochelle.

"Though I knew nobody at the Castle, the words 'Columbia University' admitted me. In one of the great front rooms I awaited the Reverend Mother with mingled feelings. Soon Reverend Mother entered and warmly greeted me as the first college applicant. That broke the ice and after I had explained my mission we talked college possibilities.

"Two weeks later, Reverend Mother Irene sent for me and for the next eight years I was a professor at New Rochelle.



"As the representative of the college I attended the meetings of the deans of all the colleges of New York State, and saw to it that Saint Angela (the baby name of New Rochelle) was properly represented. Once having wired that "Mother Irene" accepted the invitation to attend the College Deans' Conference at Cornell, nobody met me upon my arrival at the Ithaca station. As this was contrary to custom, I was rather worried, but I managed to find my way to the office of the secretary. To my amazement, after I had presented my card, Dean Crane burst out laughing and said: 'Why, we expected two sisters and our most dignified professors are at the station to meet them!'

"Dr. Howard Rogers, then in charge of the Regents' College Department, was very kind and always made it his business to help us by keeping us informed as to required standards. Reverend Father Daniel J. Quinn, of Fordham, was a staunch friend, always ready to help the 'female annex of Fordham' as he jestingly called us.

"In order to give the college wider influence, and in order to advertise it more, I arranged a series of sixty, bi-monthly lectures, dealing with the leading educational problems of the day. Among the lecturers were heads of various city departments, colleges, and, best of all, Father Halpin.

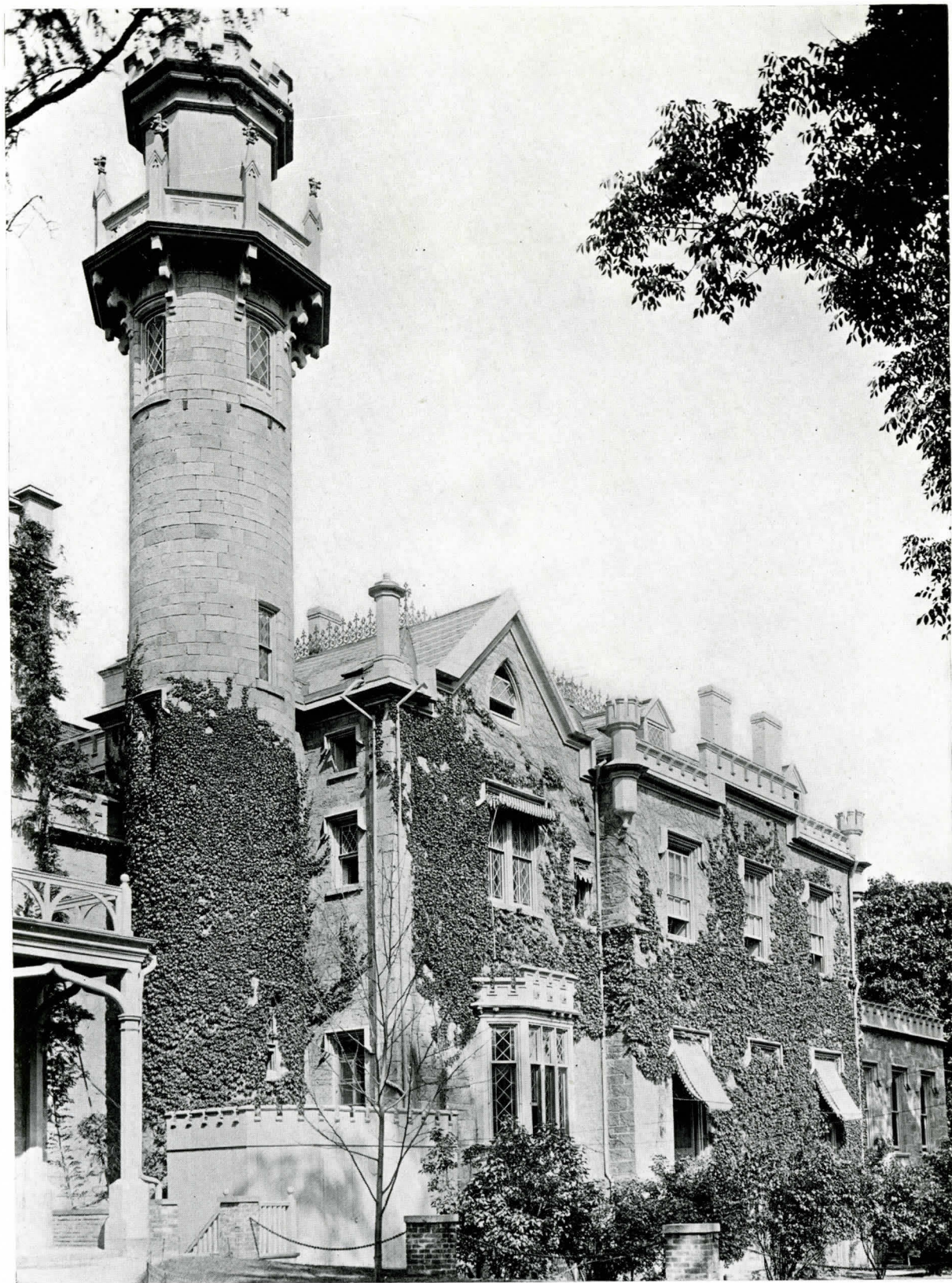
"The Board of Examiners, especially James J. Byrne, was helpful in keeping an eye on the college curriculum and seeing that it was more than the law required.

"In 1906, at 93d Street and Park Avenue, the Extension Department was opened. Soon over five hundred students were registered for the college courses, and over three hundred teachers changed from parochial to substitute, and then regular positions in the New York City public schools through the courses offered there.

"I wrote syllabuses in the History of Education Psychology, and Methods and a Visualized History of Education which is used today, not only in New Rochelle but all over the country in colleges and normal schools.

"Is that enough, dear?" Miss Tucker paused to ask, with her same cheerful willingness to help out, but with a rather worried glance at the Italian mothers, book agents and others who were waiting their turn to see Miss Tucker. So I reluctantly said it was enough, and went out into the street, thinking how fortunate was the chance that had sent Miss L. E. Tucker to New Rochelle.





"I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."



## Mother Augustine

To speak of Mother Augustine's part in the life of the College in its early days is to speak of the very life of the College, for she was a *sine qua non*. I refer, of course, to the first four years when I was there, before Mother was whisked away to be that far-off divine personage, the Superior, under whom the whole institution moved. She was then, no doubt, more necessary than ever, but as a director and not a participant, much to the deprivation of the classes who succeeded us.

In our time, Mother was officially the instructor in mathematics, and unofficially everything else that was. Only the other day a reader at the library asked me for a table of logarithms and when I had assumed my usual knowing expression and sought a trigonometry text, only to find it missing, he said persuasively: "Maybe you can tell me the logarithm for this." When I had told him, I thought reminiscently of the time when, under Mother's able guidance, I had memorized even "logs."

Mother had a way of getting us to do things that we didn't want to do, and it was she who gave form and direction and success to everything that we did want to do. In fact, almost all those activities that make the life of the College what it is can be traced to their beginnings some time in the years 1904-1908, when Mother and her associates, with eyes fixed on the future, and with the finest hope and courage, established the precedents that they wished to have in the big College that was to be.

The *Quarterly* had its first issue in our Freshman year, 1905, an issue which is still in existence somewhere, I hope, for it had many creditable things, considering our youth. The same year saw the beginning of dramatics, with our performance on the campus of Tennyson's "Princess." Some time later, athletics were started, and at the time of our graduation the athletic association was full-fledged and held its meet. Not one of these could have been without Mother Augustine's smile of encouragement and tireless pursuit of the detail that made them successful. Nothing was too small for her consideration, from choosing a costume for the play to persuading people to advertise in the *Quarterly*.

But better than all this was the little, nameless, unremembered part, the common daily association with Mother, half of which I missed because I was a day student. What I did have of it, I love to remember. At the venerable age of a ten-year-old college graduate one has learned that life is selection. There are some things that one puts out of one's consciousness, some that one gladly allows to slip away, and some that one keeps securely established to the end of the chapter. For all graduates, our association with Mother Augustine is of the last class.

## Mother Ignatius

We feel nothing but pity for those poor undergraduates who will never know "our Mother Ignatius" in any other capacity than that of the high and mighty Very Reverend Mother Superior. We rejoice in the honor which is her due, but we just can't help feeling a trifle superior as we remember the days when she was the house mistress of "38". Those were the balmy days when the time for taking one's bath was a matter ruled by most rigorous pronunciamientos on the bathroom door! Oh, the ice-cream with fudge sauce, meted out with stern impartiality, and the red letter days when the "divinity" came from Ohio, or "38's" Valentine Box arrived!

But best of all, was Mother Ignatius, smiling from her arm chair or chatting at the screen in her doorway. Always calm, always just, there was but one thing which roused the lightnings in her placid blue eye. The sound of water wastefully rushing over one's hands would bring reproach in a jiffy. How she entered into discussions, decided our vocations, lent us volumes of Benson! Oh, a rare and incomparable House Mistress was the Reverend Mother Ignatius.

## Mother de Sales

Since my earliest days at school, those dire words "Mistress of Discipline" had always conjured up—well, what sort of a mental picture does that phrase bring to you? But Mother de Sales, Mistress of Discipline at the College of New Rochelle, and former House Mistress of "23," is very different from anything her awe-inspiring title might suggest.

From our first Freshman "gather nearer, girls" meeting, until now, when as dignified Alumnae we return to college, Mother de Sales has always been a warm, interested friend. She has a wonderfully appreciative sense of humor that has often saved a mirth provoking culprit from being "campussed" or from the suspension due her. Do you remember, girls, how Mother laughed at Loretta's quick retort, when (caught in some violation of rules) she asked Mother how she had learned of it and upon Mother's replying, with a twinkle in her eye, "My beads told me," Loretta promptly answered, "Well, all I can say is, your beads were stringing you!"?

Mother de Sales loves the College of New Rochelle, its songs, precedents, and ceremonies, so many of which she has been instrumental in establishing and keeping alive. If ever you appeal to Mother for co-operation, or enlist her ready interest in an undertaking, she spares neither time nor energy in helping that undertaking to materialize.

"All possibilities are in her hands,  
No danger daunts her and no foe withstands,  
In her sublime audacity of faith,  
'Be thou removed,' she to the mountain saith."

—and may we say, in grateful conclusion, the mountain is always removed?



## Mother M. Loyola

We sing of "Nine" and its Mistress! That small energetic body which clothed one of the big personalities of College! That kindly, sympathetic friend who understood the homesick Freshmen, gave wise and timely counsel to struggling and wayward Sophomores, helped to determine the vocations of perturbed and vacillating Juniors, and applied vigorous and helpful mustard plasters to the aching spots of weary Seniors.

Mother Loyola will go down in history as one of the Great Souls, if for no other reason than the absorbed attention she always paid when one was making profound remarks upon oneself. And that tribute is not a flippant one. We came to College from the four corners of the globe at the time when we were most in need of confiding what was happening within us to some sympathetic soul who had mature judgment and foresightedness. And many a girl in College can date the beginning of a salutary change in thought and action from one of those precious half hours with Mother Loyola.

Mother's chief gift, it seems to me, is that of the maternal instinct, and no house on the campus held so real a family as the little groups who lived in "Nine." The head of the house was versatile beyond words. Were you ill? Mother appeared with an invalid's tray of hot and inviting viands. Were you lonely? Mother just happened into your room and talked of birds and flowers until the gnomes of ill-humor vanished. Were you jolly? Mother would hold you breathless and excited while she probed your dark past with her magic clairvoyance and prophesied your future with unerring precision.

The girls who were "Niners" have built a shrine in their hearts to the loyal friend, the wise counsellor and the tender guardian—Mother Loyola.

## Mother Xavier

We first knew Mother Xavier in the old days when the Residence Hall was in the process of building and when she was Mistress of the "White House." She was Sister Xavier then, and the charm of her personality influenced especially those who knew her more intimately. This charm was largely in the simple sincerity of her character. Sister Xavier has that peculiar and winning manner which invites the confidence of all those who come in contact with her and this was, of course, the more special privilege of the girls living at 38 West Castle Place. Cheerful, pleasant, and always just in all circumstances, trusting implicitly in the honor of her girls, she won their confidence and their loyalty.

Dear Sister Xavier, always so lovable, especially when a wee bit absent-minded! No one of us can ever forget the umbrella-poker which Mother Xavier loves to tell of, as a joke on herself.

Mother Xavier's classes are still vivid memories. How clearly she explained away difficulties, how intensely interested she was in our ideas, and how cleverly she illustrated her points by apropos stories, only those who have known and loved her classes can fitly tell.

Finally, Mother Xavier, whole-hearted and whole-souled, is one of the "many few" who have that rare and happy combination of practical common sense and great personal human interest. All who approach her are sure of a sympathetic hearing, a generous understanding, and of sound, womanly advice.

And so we close, with sincere respect, loyalty and affection for her whom all admire, and whom every college girl, past and present loves—Mother M. Xavier.

## Mrs. Estelle H. Davis

No one who has sat under "the greatest authority on phonetics in the U. S. A.," could help being impressed by her profound knowledge and her genius for causing beautiful speech to blossom where only dialects had grown before.

But there is so much more to our priceless "Davy" than mere encyclopediac wisdom and pedagogic wizardry. As college recedes into the dim past and becomes less and less a collection of themes written or exams passed and more a place where one met friends, it is astonishing to find how much Mrs. Davis contributed to our life at New Rochelle. She introduced us to the broad "a"—and to bran biscuits! Through her we met and conquered that formidable Austrian Army. She is responsible for so many of our "great" moments. Who does not remember her Kipling evening, or thrill to the mention of the "Servant In The House"?

A special privilege of intimate knowledge with this beloved celebrity comes to members of the Dramatic Club. Membership in this organization is and was a liberal education, not only in dramatics but in politics, baggage distribution systems, and the poise necessary to face with calm the possibility of playing a Shakespearean hero in a brown corduroy skirt.

While we were undergrads, Mrs. Davis pruned our straggling speech to perfect symmetry, patronized our Y. B. Tea Rooms, inspired the timorous to unparalleled heroism in the Senior Oratorical Contest, and filled our limited horizon to a very large extent.

And what shall we who have graduated say of her continued interest in us, her hearty helpfulness and increasing graciousness? She has been "friend, philosopher, guide" to many of us. All hail, Davy the Beloved!





## Incunabula

C. M. BUSH,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AT ST. ANGELA'S

Convents had always seemed to me fascinating places with a flavor of Gothic romance—perhaps because I had never been inside one. I came, therefore, to teach in the College of St. Angela with a sense of adventurous curiosity, eager for new experiences, and quite artless in my attitude of receptive wonderment.

When I rang the Castle bell, the door mysteriously opened through the agency, as I saw at a second glance, of a white veiled novice who stood modestly in the background to let me pass through. The hall into which I entered was not quite so conventual as I had imagined it would be. Its dark panels, its carved furniture, its stained-glass windows, all seemed to me a thought too elegant for a cloister, an impression that was further carried out by the drawing room in which I awaited the coming of the Reverend Mother.

The long light of late afternoon shone through the French windows of the recreation hall, across the polished floor. Everywhere there was a sense of order and stillness and peace. The quiet was occasionally broken by a bell which clanged out some mysterious number, followed by soft, padding footfalls and the dull tinkle of rosary beads. Then a deeper silence. For weeks after I came to the Castle I went about the halls on tiptoe, unconsciously imitating the noiselessness of those padded footsteps, fearing to speak above a whisper, and in daily dread of making some dull secular blunder against ancient cloistral tradition.

Once outside of the Castle, however, the sense of tradition ceased. In the daily life of the College there was a certain pioneer quality which it now seems strange to look back upon. My room was in one of the small private cottages, then recently taken over by the College in the process of expansion, and devoted to the housing of students and the secular faculty, with the spiritual leaven of a nun or two. I was so eager to taste the full flavor of a nunnery that I should have been rather glad to find myself allotted to a cell, but my small apartment held no disappointing luxuries. It contained a bed and a small iron washstand. Nuns, I discovered, did not use mirrors. The closet held the library of a former occupant, from which I selected a volume entitled "The Perfect Religious," and seating myself on my trunk I read on in the waning light until supper was announced.

A long, white, chilly table was laid in the dark-panelled dining-room of the Castle. We were waited on by a lay nun whose genial brogue and caressing manner sweetened the pale ecru tea that she poured out of huge pitchers into cups of what seemed to me phenomenal thickness. But thickness is, after all, only comparative. On a later occasion a visiting friend had the misfortune to break her cup, and was comforted by our kindly attendant's assurance that "them delicate cups has very fragile handles." The nuns, it seems, used tableware of a far sturdier quality in their own refectory.

If we didn't exactly run to creature comforts in those early days, we lived in an atmosphere of friendliness and intimacy that is quite impossible in a large college. We had not yet become academic. The classes were so small that each individual's tastes and convictions were matters of pleasant knowledge. Jenny's aversion to fish which prevented her from tolerating "The Compleat Angler." Margaret's earnest insistence that Fielding was inspired by Saint Joseph in the naming of his hero. Mar-ion's deep love for the metres of Horace which made her memorize an ode a day for the pure joy of acquisition!

The sense of intimacy that prevailed throughout the College was partly due to the fact that some of the students had grown up under the convent wing, and were still regarded by the nuns as irresponsible children whose comings and goings must be sedulously guarded. I remember that on one occasion, just after the lawn had been newly sown, a messenger arrived at one of the cottages, sent from the towery heights of the Superioress's office. Her message was: "Tell Nellie Hannon that Reverend Mother says to keep off the grass." It mattered little that Nellie was at that time an admirably-conducted young woman in the Sophomore Class. To the "Almae Matres" she was still the reckless seminarian whose errant footsteps had once crushed the tender blades.

Fortunately, almost everyone had a sense of humor. No one took herself too seriously or refused to lend herself to the general entertainment. At the evening recreation she who had the gift of "floating," floated to the joy of all beholders, and the staidest nun would whisper ecstatically to her companion "Look at Anna McGlynn!"

The College of New Rochelle presents today a very different appearance from St. Angela's of blessed memory. I imagine that the large residence hall holds more comforts than our simple cots. Hot water, for instance, probably flows more freely than it did in the cottages ten years ago when washing was extra, though French might be had for the asking, and music without it. The dining-room tableware, I have observed, has become attenuated almost to the point of fragility. What other luxuries may have crept in I will not try to imagine, but you may fancy, if you will, what cheerful ascetics we were in the consulship of Mother Augustine.

## When the College Was New

Saint Angela's, or rather (since it has outgrown its christened name) the College of New Rochelle, had an eventful babyhood and, if a noisy infancy is any forecast of adult strength, must be destined for great things when it shall have attained years of discretion. It was undeniably noisy, even boisterous. And yet, I don't remember that it gave its guardians any serious cause for worry or kept anybody up nights. The truth was—nobody wanted to go to bed then, and as there was no legislation regarding lights, nobody did.

The first class exercise (there was no formal opening) was September 12, 1904. It was extremely early in the month for a college to begin work, and few of the Pioneers were present. The honors of the occasion belong to Cornelia Hanna, Anna McLaughlin (now Sister Cephias) and Mary McDonnell. Winifred MacDonald arrived that same day, I think, and the rest of us trailed along through the first four months, Marie Lalor arriving very shortly after, while I was one week late. Anna Brennan (now Mrs. Vanderpoel) came next. Irene Jennings and Josephine Larkin waited until Thanksgiving, and Marion Hennessy and Agnes Keating came with the first Mid-Years.

There were transients, also, but they must be nameless here as no method of identifying their footsteps on the shifting sands of that first year suggests itself. The three "oldest inhabitants," whom I have already mentioned, were the sole members of that first Livy class taught by Father White of blessed memory.

There was little of the discoverer's ecstasy about those first weeks. Our emotion partook more of the lonesome helplessness of the humble crew forced to do things all out of their own heads. Nothing was ready-made. Precedent had to be manufactured, and the consciousness of the exactions of future classes did not make the task easier. But there were compensations. A pleasing vagueness existed among the Faculty as to our rights and privileges. Our wonder-working slogan "they do it in other Colleges" always won the day. Having no laws to tempt infraction, we were what is usually called law-abiding.

Indeed, there was not room enough for discord—in those days things were on a very small family scale. One cottage held us all. It was "Number Nine" which then stood directly opposite the path leading to the Castle. "Sky Parlor" has since become the generic name for all upper college rooms, but it originally applied to Anna Brennan's little room which was *sous les toits* for we were crowded in everywhere.

Things were very intimate. It was customary o' nights to gather together for a conversation feast. Usually the whole college could arrange itself comfortably (allowing for some overlapping) on a small bed. Then there were ghost stories and stories of "things that happened back home," with the usual refreshments to top off.

Our meals were served in the Seminary Refectory. That, by the way, brings to mind the present day changes.



Then we were on close terms with the parent institution. Many strong friendships existed between the Seminary Seniors and the College. The Recreation Hour in the evening and the Study Period in the afternoon were common ground for both. The latter ignominious institution was soon abolished and when we grew large enough to fill our own table we moved to what is now the Chaplain's Dining Room, and so we saw less and less of the younger girls.

Our class room, we only needed one, was the front part of the present College Library. The same sulky plaster Dante adorned the bookcase and there was a portable blackboard on which Mother Augustine conjured up ghastly sines, cosines and variables out of the "infinity" which was their proper sphere.

The original teaching force underwent many changes during the first year: Mother Augustine in the Mathematics department, Mother Carthage in History, Professor Sinagnan in French, Madame Sinagnan in German and Miss Fay in elocution were the only stationary classes as regards teachers. Dear Mother Carthage, who died the following term, held a variety of chairs in different subjects.

English was most chaotic of all. There was Miss Roberts, Miss Klapp and a number of interregnums, all more or less disturbing, until Miss Bush came in our Sophomore year to make us wells of English, pure and undefiled.

There were no electives. Everyone took everything and "music extra." There seemed to be a general desire to "brush up," as it was called, and there was a tremendous amount of well-meant though futile practice.

A popular course was Friday Afternoon Etiquette. Under the kindly escort of Professor Rutledge (who must have received his degree from the Old School) we enjoyed the weekly pleasure of "meeting the King."

Mr. Pallen came on Mondays to deliver a course of lectures on Dante. The spirits in the "Paradise" couldn't have been more exquisitely well behaved than we were during that hour. Dr. Manning gave an occasional talk on physiology. On Saturdays Miss Tucker regaled us with choice tidbits from the New York City educational scheme.

These were our works and, looking back, with a vivid remembrance of the small amount of energy we put into each (always excepting Mary McDonnell and Anna McLaughlin) I think we must have been judged principally by the faith that was in us! But there was a social side. The first and greatest event of the year was a sort of combination affair, a lecture on the Nile, moving-picture show, banquet, all of which were as nothing to the main feature—the first wearing of the cap and gown. Oh, those first scholastic impedimenta! Like the curses of the Jackdaw of Rheims they hung on our backs

"In sitting, in standing, in lying,  
In walking, in riding, in flying."

Moving pictures had not then fallen into disrepute and, viewed through the tassel of a neighbor's cap, might even be considered aesthetic. The banquet, too, was a brilliant affair only marred by the fact that, when we were called upon to respond

to toasts, we were too dazed by magnificence to utter a syllable. Most of the sociableness of that year consisted in unorganized hilarity which it better becomes the dignity of the first class to leave in oblivion. There was a Tennyson evening, however, and some real musicales. Father McLoughlin, always the staunch friend of 1908, occasionally came of an evening to regale us with beautiful music.

There were lectures, too. Father Halpin, then a stranger to us, gave a talk one Saturday morning. It was truly inspiring. We did not dare dream then that we could have him as a teacher and chaplain! When warm weather came, we had a straw ride. Reverend Mother Irene had given her permission for the affair, but I don't think she had the faintest conception of the degree of rusticity involved. She looked so astonished when she saw her young ladies jauntily ensconced in a hay-wagon! But the permission held and it was a glorious straw ride—a moonlight picnic moving along the shores of the Sound. No one who was there will ever forget it!

The last days of Pioneer year will always call up to my mind the first *Quarterly*. Few publications have, I think, been more conscientiously edited. There were conferences for months between the editors, who were Mary McDonnell, Anna McLoughlin and the humble author of these reminiscences and Mother Augustine and Mr. Nelson Hume.

Whatever the financial status of the present *Quarterly*, the first edition, at least, looked more prosperous. It was de luxe in every respect except contents. Fat cherubs, who looked as if milk and honey had agreed with them, disported themselves about the College seal. The title in Old English surmounted this device and the whole was printed on heavy art paper in pale blue and bound with blue silk cords.

Inside were painfully labored essays on abstruse subjects. Each small literary craft steered out of the safe port of one irreproachable quotation through the perilous breakers of Exposition into the welcome haven of another two-line sentiment, preferably verse.

But no one will ever know the vast labor of love that went into that first *Quarterly*. We were ten, all told, and it was a brave undertaking for so small a group. It would have been impossible save for the fact that Mother Augustine's boundless courage and cheerful common-sense stood behind us. For most of us, Mother Augustine was the College, and 1908 would have gone through more than editorial throes to prove itself worthy of Mother Augustine's faith.

A word is due here to the wonderful efforts of our first Dean, Reverend Mother Irene. Few of us will forget just how Herculean was her work as Foundress nor the tender thoughtfulness she showed each Pioneer. She was very proud of our *Quarterly*.

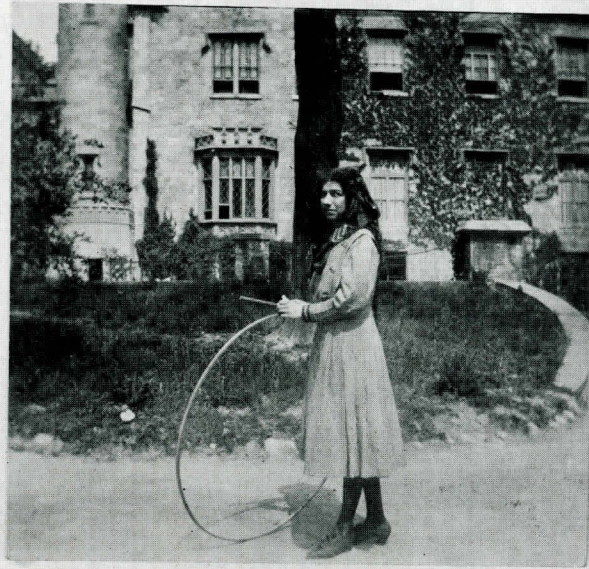
The printing-press and pioneer days do not go together, and with the first College publication the old times ended. When another term began, the College had reached a vigorous childhood and the anxious period was safely past.







IN 1908



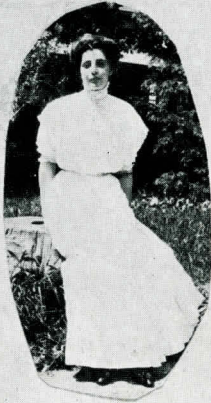
IN 1909





IN 1910





In 1911





IN 1912



IN 1913





IN 1914









IN 1916





IN 1917





DRAMATICS

## The Professors of the Pioneer Days

BY AN '08-ER

When the very pleasant task was assigned to me of contributing to the 1918 ANNALES my recollections of the Faculty of the College in the hoary years of 1904-08, I marveled at the confidence (I might almost say, the simplicity) of editors who would give to a veteran like me carte blanche to be reminiscent.

O years, gone down into the past,  
What pleasant memories come to me  
Of your untroubled days of peace,  
And hours almost of ecstasy.

The first meeting of Faculty and students, pictured beside the imposing and ceremonious gatherings of these days, has a combined flavor of the quaint and the humorous. The student body on that early morning in early September (for the whole thing had an earliness that in these days would be rather shocking) was represented by three individuals, all rather immature, and very shy. There was nothing of the esprit de corps and assurance which characterizes the modern Freshman Class. (Let no Freshman or ex-Freshman take this amiss, because I say it with no disparagement of modern Freshmen.) Faculty was impersonated in Father White, who was then chaplain, and was scheduled to teach us Latin. I remember his gruff welcome: "If you do your work we'll be friends, and if you don't we won't." Father White was one of the fine priests of the old school, and work or no work, we were always good friends. There was just one bone of contention between the College and Father White, and that was the Ablative Absolute, which he insisted on calling by some old country name that was foreign to the ears of the younger generation, and relations sometimes became strained by reason of our mutual unwillingness to change our nomenclature in this important matter.

Before our Freshman year was over, however, Father White was too ill to continue the work, and our Latin passed into the hands of Miss Henrietta Clapp, our new English instructor. English, during the first semester, had been taught by a Miss Roberts, whom I chiefly associate with a rainbow shawl. Physical conditions in those early days were rather Spartan, and the shawl was well justified. Miss Clapp excelled as an English rather than a Latin teacher, and I recall distinctly her acid test of our native taste and discrimination by putting before us Wordsworth's "Lucy Grey" and "Willie Gill," to criticise and choose. The first issue of the *Quarterly* came out at the end of our Freshman year, and it was under Miss Clapp's direction that I wrote my St. Francis article. I speak of the article with hardihood because I am sure that it is now "o. p." but I always think of Miss Clapp with gratitude for introducing me to the riches of the literature about that greatest poet among the saints and greatest saint among the poets. One good practice that Miss Clapp tried to inculcate in us was the habit of keeping an idea book, in which all wandering thoughts were to be nailed down for future use, and some of the more conscientious bought notebooks, and went about with rather tense expressions, struggling to find thoughts with something of the same earnestness with which we tried to find sins at retreat times.



During all four years of our course we had occasional lectures by Mr. Condé Pallen, now of Catholic Encyclopaedia fame. His splendid lectures on Dante and Shakespeare have made a big part in the mental stock of all of us who were fortunate enough to be present at them.

I wonder how many of my classmates will remember a Miss Gurney who came to us some time in the Freshman year? A ship that passed in the night, she had our English class for only one or two recitations, and I hold it a high compliment to any teacher to say that in one lesson she made an impression that lasted for ten years. Who else remembers her remark in passing, that spoken language has been forever dignified by the expression "the Word of God"?

At last our rather troubled English and Latin courses fell to Miss Charlotte Marion Bush, and remained under her brilliant leadership for the rest of our time, and several years after that. Poetry, drama, the novel, American literature, Latin drama and poetry, all were put before us in the most live and illuminating way, and if we failed to grasp, it was because of our own inability. I have never since met a mind so full of treasures. I have taken graduate work at one of the big universities, and found no course so full of intellectual vitamins.

I am sorry that I cannot do justice to our instructors in mathematics and science. If the truth be told, whenever a loophole offered, I fled from the exact sciences. So I have only vague memories of a Mr. Brewster, who piloted us through trigonometry or physics or both, and of a Mr. Rice, who revealed the secrets of chemistry.

I remember that Mother Agnes did experiments with us in that little corridor of the Administration Building which is now a locker room, and succeeded in winning our affections to herself, whatever might be our bias in regard to the subject. Of Mother Augustine's work in the mathematics courses and in the whole life of the College I have spoken elsewhere—most inadequately, I must confess.

To a rather impressionistic student, the formative condition of things in the first years offered a welcome opportunity to dodge undesirable subjects and to nibble at the congenial. We had rather more languages than a balanced ration allows, greatly to my satisfaction. We learned a surprising amount of French in a short time from M. León Sinagnan, now a distinguished member of the Council of Foreign Language Teachers in New York City. Mme. Sinagnan at the same time initiated us in German. Miss Mary V. Conkey, who came in 1909, had in addition to her history classes, a few very small and very delightful classes in Greek, and we marched with Xenophon and dreamed with Plato. And no member of our old Faculty has left a warmer feeling of affection and admiration than Miss Conkey.

Most beloved among our informal instructors in language was Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, or Mother Incarnation as we more briefly named her. She used to walk with us on the campus and assist us to converse, but it was so infinitely



pleasanter to listen to Mother than to struggle with our own halting French, that we were oftener listeners than conversants. Mother was one of the exilées from France in 1910. She arrived at New Rochelle with a little group from various parts of France, none from her own community, I think, and began at once, with the utmost cheerfulness and courage to adjust herself to the very different conditions of life here. She learned English with astonishing rapidity, and I well remember the glee with which she understood, appreciated, and repeated a joke that passed among the girls about a wager of a basket of fruit. The loser said she would pay with a basket of lemons. As Mother had it—"Miss Mary will give you a basket of lee-mons."

Let me not leave out athletics and dramatics and music. Who can forget Miss Frances Fay, who drilled us through many "Ah-a-ee-i-o-oo-ah's" to the performance of our campus plays, or Mr. Nelson Hume, who came in at last rehearsals to touch up the men's parts and give us the swashing and martial outside? Our two Shakespeare plays and "The Princess," even seen in this long perspective, were very creditable performances.

Athletics were under Miss Hogan and then Miss Tamagno. But the Class of 1908 was in its last phase when these were introduced and the burden of age and work prevented our disporting ourselves very much.

Once a week we sang with Mr. Mulligan, and later with Mr. Danforth. Does anyone remember with me that lovely and joyous little melody of Mr. Mulligan's own composition for "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose"?

In those days we all thought we wanted to be school teachers. Afterwards some of us changed our minds. But we gladly suffered Miss Tucker. I say suffered, because valuable as the course was, it took up our Saturday mornings, which was absolutely the only free time we had. But we faithfully applied ourselves to the study of psychology and methods of teaching, and some of us who continued in the profession were later associated with Miss Louise E. Tucker in her very interesting work in New York's East Side.

I have left the best until the last. One Saturday near the end of our Freshman year, after our regular class in the science of education, an extra lecture was announced, to be given by Rev. P. A. Halpin. Father Halpin was to us a name only, but it needed that one lecture to make us long for him for our resident chaplain, as we had none. The following fall our wish was realized, and Father Halpin is now, I think, the only member of the original Faculty still teaching in the College. We admired him, as every succeeding class has done, for the clearness and sureness of his teaching in the classroom and the coolness and rightness of his judgment in all cases of friction and difficulty in student activity, and we loved him for his always ready and reliable friendship for us as individuals. From the day of that first lecture until now, he has been the finest, highest, and noblest influence for the upbuilding of all that is best in the College.



## War Work

The Committee in charge of War Work in the Alumnae Association has submitted the following report concerning the War-time activities of the Association:

All members are knitting for the Army and Navy.

Many members are active workers on Surgical Dressings' Committees of Red Cross Units.

Trained Social Investigators are working among the families of Soldiers and Sailors.

Many members have volunteered their services as secretaries to Red Cross Officials and at the Headquarters of the American Women's Hospitals.

Some, specially fitted in the art of entertaining, are helping to amuse the "boys" at near-by Camps, Training Stations, and Hospitals.

A Sub-Committee is working on "ways and means" to raise funds for an ambulance to be donated and maintained by the Alumnae and Students of the College of New Rochelle.

Through the efforts and co-operation of the Finance Committee, a substantial sum was sent to the New Rochelle branch of the Knights of Columbus War Camp Fund.

At present the Committee has a plan under consideration whereby all members living in and near New York City can join a unit for War Work under the direction of the Federation of Catholic Women. The unit will be known as the New Rochelle Alumnae Unit, and classes in First Aid and the preparation of Surgical Dressings will be formed in Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx. In this way it will be possible for all graduates of New Rochelle to combine their efforts in a common cause—New Rochelle's part in the great work the American Woman is doing to help her country "Carry On."



**“Write it Down to Our Credit”**

**What Alumnae Are Doing**



SECONDARY TEACHERS



SECONDARY TEACHERS





HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS



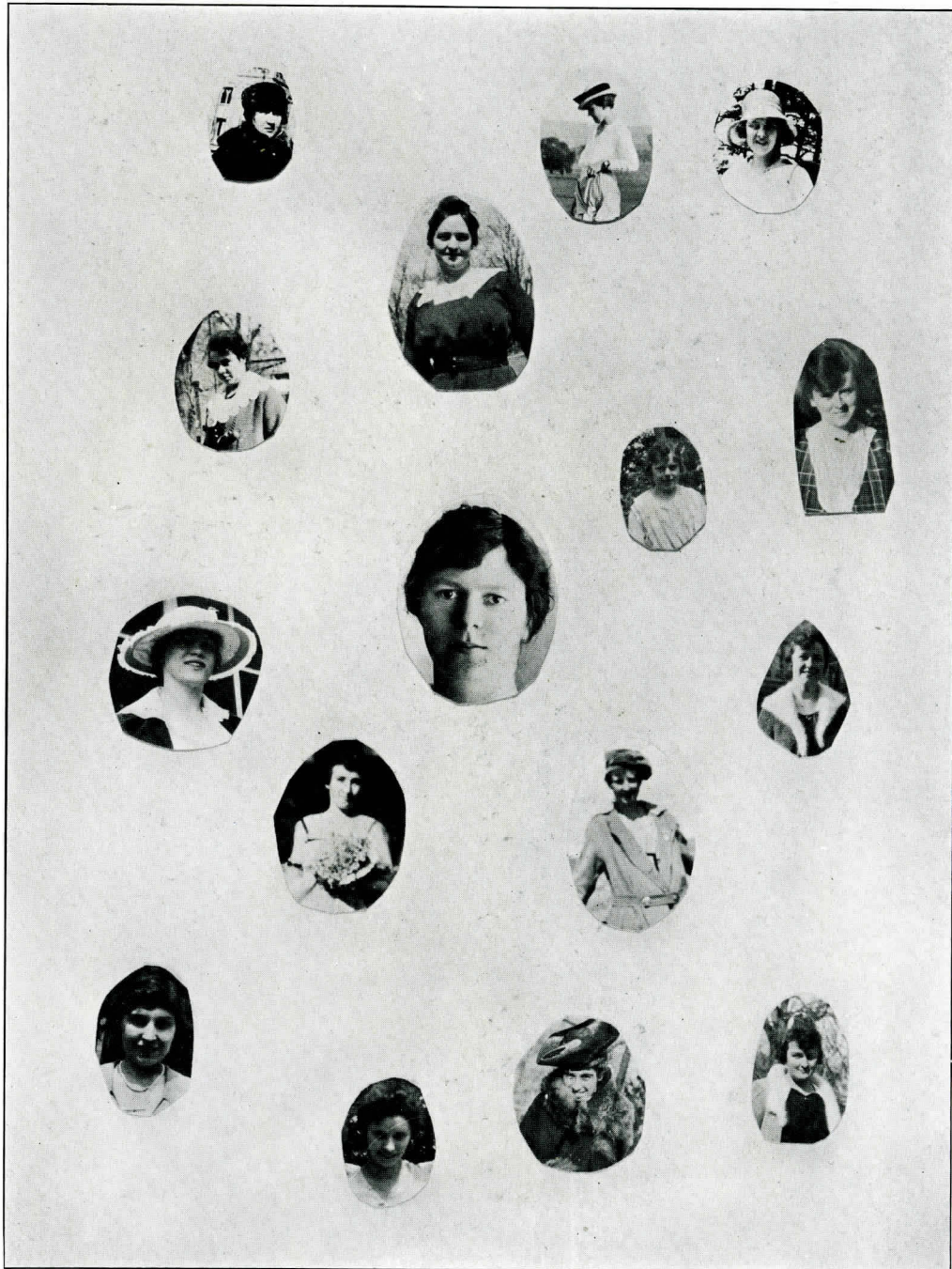
AMONG THE FEDERAL WORKERS



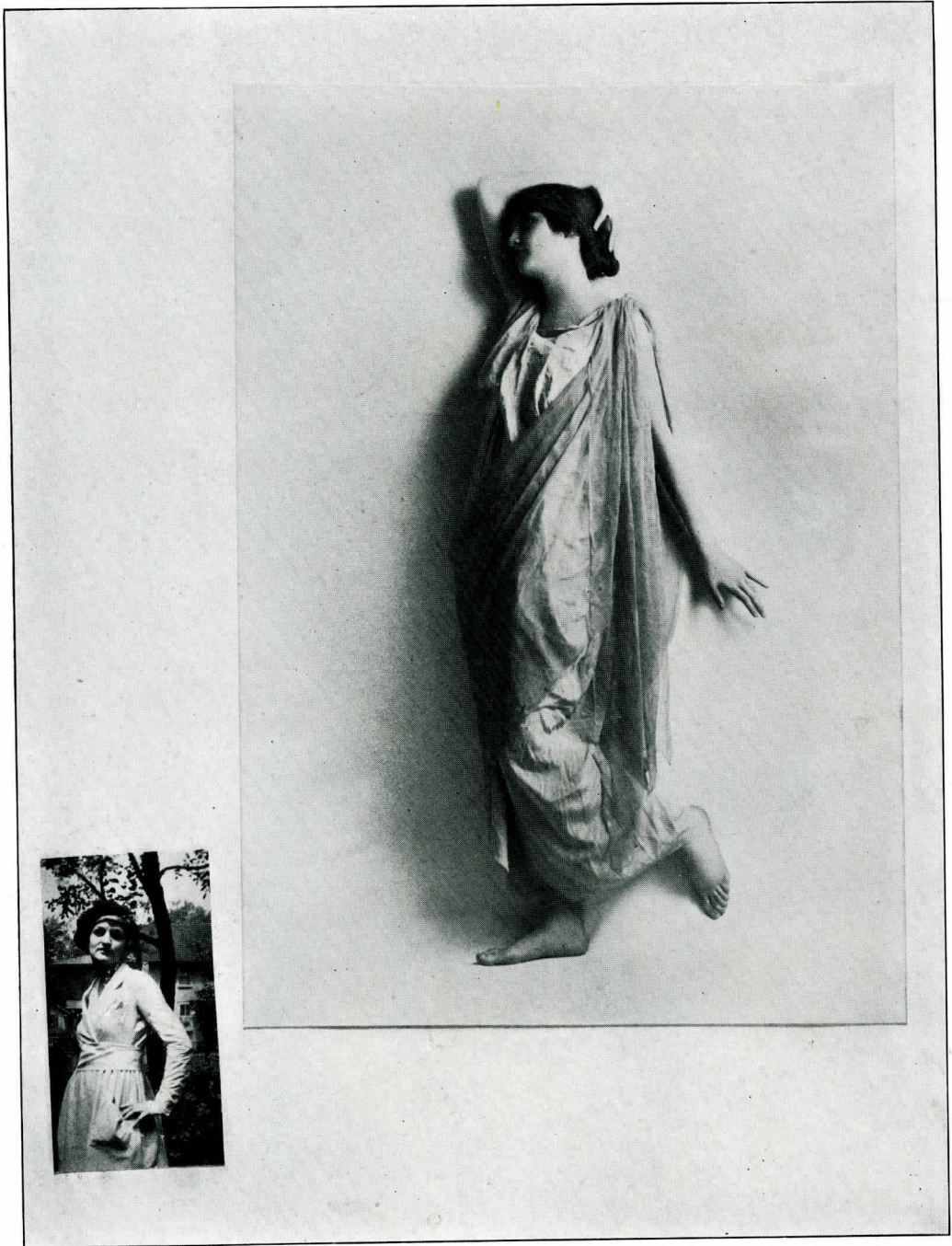


AMONG THOSE IN THE SOCIAL SERVICE FIELD





SOME OF OUR BANKERS AND SECRETARIES

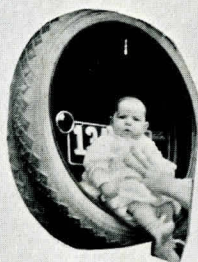
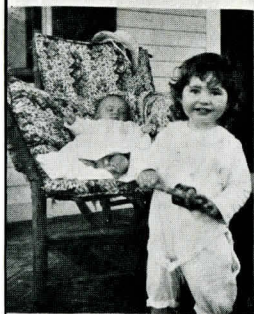
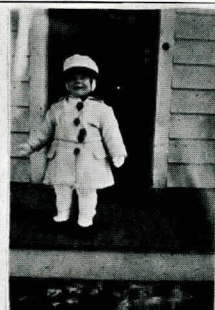


DRAMATIC ARTISTS









THE NEXT GENERATION





THE LEISURE CLASS

## The Alumnae Plays

The yellow gleam of footlights, the smell of paint and powder, the hurried last minute repetition of opening lines, and then that tense moment when the curtain rolls slowly upward and a hush of expectation settles over the restless audience—all these, we thought regretfully, were things of the past when we turned our backs on "New Rochelle's dear gray towers" for the last time as undergraduates.

Judge of our joy then, when in the Fall of 1916, cards were received announcing that Alumnae were to give two plays for the benefit of the Gift Fund. All who cared to try for parts were requested to meet in the Auditorium of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, at a specified time.

Mrs. William Birmingham, '08, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and Miss Maria Cendoya, '16, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, were the originators of the idea. They summoned as their able assistant Miss Lorreto Donlin, '14, a graduate of Sargents' American Academy of Dramatic Art.

When the preliminaries were over, and girls, plays and parts selected, we settled down to the grind of rehearsals. Evening was the only time available as most of us were busy during the day. We were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Harry Hadfield, of the Green Room Club, as our coach. To him we owe the smoothness of the performance and the perfection of stage business.

"Petticoat Perfidy," a satire on social butterflies, and "Neighbors," a play of Wisconsin rural life, offered great contrast and were selected as our bill.

When we began rehearsal we planned to give the plays but once, at Delmonico's, on the evening of Saturday, January 27, 1917. Only Marion and Maria can adequately describe that fatal day, but the rest of us will never forget it.

Do you remember, girls, how we arrived bright and early Saturday morning expecting to begin rehearsal at once, only to find the stage in the process of reconstruction? And Harry Hadfield, hot and disheveled, in his shirt sleeves, derby hat on the back of his head, hammer in hand, nailing the stage "together again." From this tranquil scene, we retired to the dressing room to make ready for a rehearsal, which if we were to judge from the looks of things would never take place. Here trouble again was encountered as unfortunately the leading lady and a prominent "Neighbor" had selected similar shades for their costumes. But perhaps that is a family matter not to be discussed in public.

Noon came, one o'clock came, and Mr. Hadfield's temper went, but still the stage remained rather like Humpty Dumpty after his famous fall. Someone ventured a remark about Rome and how long it took to build it, but the words were lost in a dismal silence. We were starved, but the edict had come from our director "No one is to leave this place for anything! We're here to rehearse and nothing else. Understand?" "Ease" Leeming, with her persuasive English manner, managed to get out to a hearty luncheon, but, once again, Maria and Marion were forced to come to our



rescue. They seized "Bill" Birmingham's brand new Gladstone bag (which, incidentally was lost that day and never found again) and went forth to Mendel's, returning anon with chicken sandwiches, milk and apple pie—a feast for the gods!

Three o'clock found rehearsal at last under way. While Anne Hamilton (as Grandma Abel) struggled through her opening scene, she had the distraction of seeing the coach absent-mindedly devour her sandwich. Since this didn't succeed in making her forget her lines, we felt confident night would find her letter-perfect.

Evening came, and so did rain, but despite that we had a crowded and exceptionally enthusiastic house. Every point was greeted with storms of laughter, and quite forgotten were the trials of the day when we took our curtain calls in the approved fashion.

So successful did our plays prove that the Daughters of Isabella of South Norwalk asked us to repeat our performance at Hoyts' Theatre in Connecticut. Mr. Hadfield, without whom we felt we could never do the plays justice, consented to join our "road company" and, of course, our two managers came along to see that all went well.

It had rained on the night of our first performance in New York and now on this second attempt the weather tried to freeze us out. Lower and lower the mercury dropped until the zero mark shone above it. The theatre displayed an advance fall fashion of a heatless night and we chattered through our lines blowing on our fingers and jumping up and down to keep warm.

Later in the evening, when the audience clapped loud and long, some pessimist suggested that perhaps they, too, were trying to get the blood in circulation. But as the lady novelist used to say, dear reader, I anticipate. When we tried to make a quiet exit in search of a cup of coffee our professional coach cried "What's the idea? Did you get me up here so you could get out to a pink tea party? We came up here to work and we're going to, see?" We did see, but we had also seen a restaurant down the line, so led by "Ease" Leeming, who was a stern believer in regular meals, some of us stole out, while the rest covered the retreat. On our way back to the theatre, much cheered up, we invaded a quick lunch wagon and bought manna in the form of ham sandwiches and coffee. Talk about your Greeks bearing gifts!

Once again our efforts were well rewarded, for the audience seemed truly pleased and enthusiastic and the town papers gave us glowing praise. By this time we had begun to feel like a sure-nuff travelling troupe.

Our next appearance was before the community and undergrads at New Rochelle. Of course, you can imagine the reception we received there! After the plays, "Props and Paint" served refreshments in the Living Room of the Residence Hall, and as our taxis rolled off to the familiar old station, we were unanimous in agreeing that of all our college activities, dramatics and our four years' training under "our own Mrs. Davis" had been of the most use and afforded the greatest enjoyment.

Surely now our performances were over, we thought, but this was not the case. Father Duffy, Chaplain of the Fighting 69th, was to have a benefit at the McKinley Square Theatre, for his church, and we were requested to give "Neighbors" as one

of the acts of the evening. This time we did not have our old friend, Mr. Hadfield, with us, because he was rehearsing for a play soon to open on Broadway. However, we secured the service of another coach who, after we had run through our lines, assembled us to tell us we were the most "intelligent amateurs" he had ever seen.

But all good things must come to an end and our play ended with a fifth and last performance at the church of Our Lady of Mercy for the benefit of the night school. At the eleventh hour, when all the arrangements had been made, Anna McMahon, "our leading man" became ill. Ann Hynes shifted to her part and Helen Langdon was imported from Jersey to substitute in Ann's part. It was Helen's first appearance on any stage, in a speaking part, but that didn't phase her for a minute. She said she would fill in if we paid her taxi fare from Coytesville to the Bronx and back. We did and she was worth it! True, she insisted upon calling the wood "coal," and said of her offering of clothes "they never was any good," instead of "they was real good in the beginning." But who cared for a little thing like that when compared to her remarkable savoir faire and her ability to bluff her lines? Miss Zona Gale, the authoress, would probably have writhed to hear her words distorted, and sometimes we were convulsed with suppressed laughter or panic stricken to see how a sentence would turn out, but all's well that ends well and Ann Hynes made a hit as the hero and the audience manifested approval of our efforts. What is more, our coffers became still heavier.

As a result of our year in dramatics, Miss Louise Seymour, '14, of "Petticoat Perfidy" fame, decided to take up acting as a profession and this winter has appeared in two Broadway productions. Not long ago she met Mr. Hadfield in the Shubert Office. He said: "Are you in it, too?" And when she answered "Yes," he said: "That's good! That's where you all belong!" And so, with praise from Sir Hubert, our season closed.





'08

ANNALES

'18





## 1915 Reunion

I am in the midst of whirling subway trains; of deafening noises; of harsh voiced, shrieking crowds; of stifling, stagnant air. And then—I drift into the fragrance of a lilac-scented morning, full of the sweet notes of birds; of “checkered sunshine” on green lawns; of gay voices and laughter; and into the freshness of the morning, Father Halpin, smiling, with COPPENS held close, walks to the Gym.

So at odd moments such as this, unexpectedly, bits of college life flash across our memory. But we of the Class of 1915, loath to break away from the happy associations that bound us together, were not content to go to our respective parts of the world and let New Rochelle and one another rest as memories. We, therefore designated Commencement Week of 1917, when our sister class would be graduated, as our first period of reunion; the next period to be in 1920 and then every five years thereafter.

In Commencement Week of June, 1917, all but a very few of us returned to New Rochelle. Mrs. Beattie of Circle Road very kindly rented her house to us for the week, and but that it wasn't the Country Club or Stoddard or “38,” but a really truly home, we might have been students again.

On the evening of our arrival, Catherine Ball, our President, gave an old-time kimona party. However, instead of the usual college kitchenette, the supper was served in Mrs. Beattie's very lovely dining-room. This was the most exciting night of the reunion, for some of us had not seen each other during the intervening two years. The evening was spent in talking over the old days, when we took our Tennis Court Oath and did other wildly exciting things. And then how eagerly we listened to the experiences of the past two years. Interest centered around Swiftie, Gertrude and Peg, our three brides. Whether or not the rest of us had had sixty nerve racking little demons to teach or had been rejected by the moving picture manager who was starring Billie Burke, was of no moment, but the missing of the train on the honeymoon, and what the brides gave the adored ones for breakfast, seemed to deeply concern each of the brides' spinster sisters.

Because of the many college affairs during the week, we planned only two formal functions: our Class Dinner and a luncheon to 1917.

The Class Dinner was served in Father Halpin's dining-room and we were just a sufficient number to sit at the round table decorated with Cerise shaded candles and American Beauty roses, our class flower and color. The girls looked charming; the dinner was excellent and everyone was happy; but into the eyes of three there crept a vague, distracted look.

The luncheon for 1917 helped more than anything else to bridge our two years' absence. The buffet table was set in the living-room and decorated in Purple and White, '17's colors. We sat comfortably in the large chairs and couches and while we ate learned all the latest gossip. After lunch we danced until it was time for the Seniors to dress for their Tea.

So the days sped all too quickly in the round of Commencement Week pleasures; walks along Pelham and 1915 parties in the house on Circle Road, and one never-to-be-forgotten trip to Mount Vernon in which Swiftie played the leading role. One by one we left until only Olive, Dorothy and I remained, and finally, most reluctantly, we, too, left the lilacs and checkered sunshine, the voices and the laughter.





## First Reunion of the Class of 1916

The First Annual Reunion of the Class of 1916 was especially favored by Time, Place and Circumstance. The Time was March 17, 1917—Sixteen's Class Day—when, if ever, every member's heart turns naturally, spontaneously Collegeward to the days of Green and White. And the Place was the wide-rolling campus of the College of New Rochelle. Think of it—a class to have its first reunion back in the old familiar haunts—with the dear familiar friends of college days!

And the Circumstances? They included the Time and the Place, it is true, but more. Our own eager, enthusiastic desire for a class reunion—out of a class of forty-one, we were present thirty strong!—of course, was vitally important, but, contributing more, much more to the success of Sixteen's Great Day was the gladness of her welcome home! Mother de Sales just gathered her girls in; we were not graduates, not Alumnae, just Sixteen, and we were to relive our college life for two whole days. Ah! "Wherever Sixteen's hearts are true," the courtesy, the glad hospitality of each and every member of C. N. R. will not soon be forgotten. Such things but grow sweeter with time. No, Sixteen will not soon forget.

But, of course, if you were not with us at the reunion, you will want to know just what did happen and, if you were one of the fortunate ones present, you will want to remember that happy time.

On the afternoon of March 17th, taxis and carriages began to roll down Main Street and Center Avenue in ever-increasing numbers. Past "58"—past the Gym, then in state to the front door of the Residence Hall—but there all ceremonial ended! Laughing, happy, chattering, we stormed into the big hall, greeting Mother de Sales, Little Sisters of 1918, and long-lost '16-ers! In the first hilarity of our meeting we even wanted to register! A moment of calm reflection, however, and Sixteen was aghast at such treasonable deflection from her old habits—for when had she ever *longed* to obey our rules? Strange, but that was just her longing now, for that would make her feel, more than anything else, that she really had come back under the old conditions!

The first corridor had been entirely given over to us. Each girl who had roomed there might claim her former room. In an unbelievably short time, after depositing bags and baggage in our rooms, we saw Frank Petty sail by as of old—with her soap and towel! She was even managing a faint whistle! We were back all right—the illusion was now complete!

While others dressed for dinner or lingered to chat, or strum the guitars found in almost every room, the decoration committee put the finishing touches to the Dining Hall. Here we must again thank our Sister Class who had appointed several members to assist our committee. We repeat gratefully that without their willing hands, and more than willing feet, the Green and White would not have waved so gaily from the chandeliers nor the tables been so charmingly appointed.

Promptly at seven we entered the hall. Directly above us, from the balcony, smiled down the old green banner, unfurled for so many great events in days past.



The tables, gay in green crepe paper and stately with white roses, were arranged in the form of "H" in honor of our President, Ann Hynes. Flowers from '18 and a huge, delicious Birthday Cake from '17 added to our pleasure. The favors and place cards were dear little green and white Souvenir Program booklets with the name of the owner engraved on each. The class officers, with the exception of our President, were seated at the center table. Deeply every one of us regretted that Ann was too seriously ill to lead our class reunion.

The dinner itself! From the French menu through all the et ceteras of our famous turkey dinners, with their toasts and running fire of talk, was pure joy! There was Virginia May, all the way from Toledo, Ohio; Janet Lynch, from Niagara; Mary Barrett, Anne Smith, and Rosa Hafey, from Springfield and Hartford-way. We all must hear their experiences and they, in turn, must listen to the deeds of glory of the girls from New York and the near-by cities.

After dinner, came "old friends and old songs" when we joined the others in the Living Room. Gay groups around the piano (whose vibrant tone time has not mellowed), some dancing, others claiming the long denied privilege of the sofas, but the time went all too swiftly to ten o'clock. Then Sixteen, keeper of the rules!—repaired to her very own corridor, where in her very own cozy corner she enjoyed a "party" of Mother de Sales' giving—ice cream and cake, laughter and jests, and sh! Truth! Of course, it was hours and hours later when reminiscences really ended, but then, one doesn't have a class reunion every day.

Sunday morning! Yes, no mistake, we were back at College. There was the Mass bell clanging lustily at 6:30. True to form, Frank bounced in and out, cheerily wishing us a very good morning, but (what we sleepier mortals appreciated more) closing transoms and windows at the same time! For once, '16 showed she was not just "homefolks," but a Visitor of State. That was when, crisp in fresh dicky and pressed gown, with cap at a proper angle, she appeared *early*, all present and accounted for, *in line* for Mass!

After Sunday breakfast in the Dining Hall, where the sun still shines bright, we proved we had lost none of our agility in the ensuing scramble for the Sunday Times! A formal Class Meeting was held in the Gym, and from then until luncheon we followed our own will and the winds' will—visited once again old Pelham Road and Hudson Park; chummed with old friends; roamed through old haunts.

At four o'clock we donned cap and gown and bachelor hood and descended to the Living Room to greet Father Halpin and to receive his blessing on his and our Feast Day. A blessing first given on March 17th in that long ago Freshman Year and treasured each year by Sixteen, but never more than now.

The next number on our official program was Adieux. But I am going to spare you the telling and me the memory of that! Parting is such sweet sorrow that 1916, parting once again from Alma Mater and her college life, felt her eyes grow dim and strangely blurry till long after the Gym and "58" had been passed, and Barney's carriage had deposited a slightly red-eyed throng near Riker's refreshing fountain. From there we went more bravely to the train!

## Our Debt Sheet

(AS OUTLINED BY A MEMBER OF THE ALUMNAE)

I think that the real reason we have not accomplished more in the Alumnae is because we have expected to find ready and waiting for us all the comforts and privileges of more established Alumnae. We have forgotten or overlooked the fact that, when the College was young, the first class made its own customs, and out of nothing created the traditions and precedents that make College life that something "that one goes to get, lives while one has, and remembers afterwards."

As I write the word "precedent," I have a vague feeling that it was an "Open Sesame" to many things. Whenever life was particularly dull, or interclass war particularly keen, someone was always trying to throw the "camouflage" of precedent over a usually forbidden pleasure. Of course, in those days, we were all together and it was more or less easy to begin "Banner Songs" and "Junior Weeks," because everyone was within reach at the psychological moment.

Now in the Alumnae if one has a brilliant idea, one cannot carry it out unless one is willing to write endless letters (which are most discouragingly left unanswered), telephone, call meetings, and even neglect necessary daily work.

Still, in spite of the difficulties, we must make ready to establish the traditions and make the *something out of nothing*, or we shall go on being very little more than a name. We can overcome the obstacles if we have the will! I shall arbitrarily set down here things that we must do if we are to mean anything to one another and to the College. First of all, we must realize some sort of a meeting place in New York, a room, at least, where the girls can go and rest and talk—freely. And having realized such a place we must maintain it. Perhaps it will be years before we do, but it need not be. This accomplished we have a cornerstone for future activities. When the N. R. C. Alumnae has an address and telephone number it can be of more use to its members. I may mean something like the Y. W. C. A. hostess houses. I am purposely not too definite, because it should be a growth of the thought and feeling and need of the whole Alumnae, but I suggest that in this way, we might come to handle the question of information about positions and even eventually the actual placing of our members in satisfactory positions. We must remember that at present we get all such information and help from outside organizations.

So much for ourselves (though we need many more things)—now, what can the Alumnae be to the College? Well! in the first place it could be closer to the College life than it is. The ideal thing would be a committee constantly in touch with the students, their point of view, development and needs. But perhaps that is Utopian. At the very least, we could have a committee that would find out about occasional needs like books, lectures, etc., and keep the Alumnae conscious of its obligation to its Alma Mater. Thus we might some time be able to supply the much-needed dormitory nurse, or the Chair of English or—well, you all know the many things that a growing College should have but cannot quite afford.

I know that, as you read, the consciousness will be growing in you that I am outlining expensive things, which will mean so many more appeals, so many more sudden, generous subscriptions and depleted check books. But I am not afraid of money any more, because I know that with a will money can be found. Besides we have classes coming into our organization and, as they come in, they can with the still enthusiastic members be mobilized into a working unit. And if I had not been particularly careful not to be personal, I should also mention our one particular financial genius.

While I base my hope on the coming classes, I do not at all belittle the work of the past. I could not praise it too highly. As for the lazy, indifferent and even hostile members, I shall not waste time on them; let us work out something practical, let us with our empty hands build as the girls of the early days built, and when we have the comforts and privileges of other Alumnae, they will come back to us, I imagine—if we still want them.

## Annales Alumnae Committees

### Literary Committee

ALIDA H. HAMILTON, '16

MARIE T. McMANUS, '15

HELEN K. LANGDON, '16

LETITIA MURPHY, '14

MARIE LANGDON, '13

BEATRICE WARREN, '13

### Art Committee

ELIZABETH KENT, '15

### Business Committee

EIRENE BARBER, '16

MARIA C. CENDOYA, '16

MARION BIRMINGHAM, '08

ELIZABETH FARMER, '16

ANNA McDEVITT, '10



## Alumnae Directory

ALLEN, AGNES, '09	1230 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C.
BABCOCK, VERA, '11	92 Morningside Ave., N. Y. C.
BALL, CATHERINE, '15	3982 Broadway, N. Y. C.
BANNAN, MRS. J. (Louise Gallvin, '10)	129 Oakland St., Mansfield, Mass.
BAPTISTE, ETHEL, '12	Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARBER, EIRENE, '16	4517 Fort Hamilton P'kway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARRETT, MARY, '16	94 Spring St., Windsor Locks, Conn.
BAXTER, MARION, '17	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
BEACH, LAURA, '17	16 France St., Norwalk, Conn.
BIGGS, MRS. J. (Margaret Ransom, '15)	122 West Chemung Place, Elmira, N. Y.
BIRMINGHAM, MRS. WM. (Marion Hennessy, '08)	2005 Washington Ave., N. Y. C.
BOOK, MRS. F. (Gertrude Coyne, '15)	Wingland, Bloomfield Hill, Mich.
BRADY, ADELE, '16	2395 Valentine Ave., Fordham, N. Y.
BRADY, MARY, '12	6 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
BREEN, FLORENCE, '16	Breen and College Aves., Long Island City, L. I.
BURNS, JULIA, '15	143 Wilkins Ave., Port Chester, N. Y.
BURNS, MARIE, '17	530 North Main St., Port Chester, N. Y.
BURNS, MARY, '10	327 Lenox Ave., N. Y. C.
BURR, ELIZABETH, '11	88 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
BUTLER, MRS. E. (Edith Swift, '15)	48a Hampton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
CALLAN, GERTRUDE, '13	712 West End Ave., N. Y. C.
CALLAN, SADIE, '12	208 Franklin St., Bristol, R. I.
CARROLL, MRS. H. G. (Stella Wiltz, '14)	308 Essex St., Salem, Mass.
CASHEN, ANNA, '14	101 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
CASHMAN, GRACE, '11	370 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
CENDOYA, MARIA, '16	616 West 116th St., N. Y. C.
CLARY, MARY, '17	3 Mumford St., Seneca Falls, N. Y.
COCHEU, FLORENCE, '11	Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
CODY, ANNA, '13	44 Kingston Ave., Port Jervis, N. Y.
COLLINS, MARGUERITE, '14	611 Walton Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
COLLINS, NATALIE, '16	611 Walton Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
CONDON, SERENA, '14	419 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
CONKLIN, MARY, '09	147 East 92d St., N. Y. C.
CONLIN, CATHERINE, '09	Emmetsburg, Maryland (St. Joseph's College)
CONLON, MARY, '15 M. A.	9 Edgewood Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.
CONLON, MARGARET, '17	28 Union St., North Adams, Mass.
CONNELLY, CATHERINE, '11	34 Pearl St., Port Chester, N. Y.
CONNORS, MRS. J. (Elizabeth Kelley, '14)	811 West St., Wilmington, Del.
COYNE, LORETTO, '15	1136 Brinkerhoff Ave., Utica, N. Y.
CREED, ANNE, '16	44 Charlton St., N. Y. C.
CUDDIHY, ELSIE, '17	644 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
CUDDIHY, HELENA, '16	644 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
CURLEY, MARION, '16	915 Pine St., Pa.

CURRAN, MARY F., '08	63 Eagle St., North Adams, Mass.
CURRAN, MARY T., '14	664 West 179th St., N. Y. C.
CURRY, EDENA, '13	114 6th St., Elmhurst, L. I.
DACEY, CATHERINE, '09	The Belmont, 34th and Garden Sts., Phila., Pa.
DEMAREST, WINIFRED, '14	11 East 87th St., N. Y. C.
DENNEHY, MAY, '13	193 Purchase St., Rye, N. Y.
DIXON, MARGARET, '17	1910 Davidson Ave., N. Y. C.
DOHERTY, DOLORES, '17	837 Monroe St., Scranton, Pa.
DOHERTY, GERTRUDE, '16	273 West 113th St., N. Y. C.
DONLIN, ANNA, '13	118 West 12th St., N. Y. C.
DONLIN, LORETTO, '14	118 West 12th St., N. Y. C.
DONLIN, ROSALIE, '16	118 West 12th St., N. Y. C.
DORAN, MAY, '12	12 Bell Place, Yonkers, N. Y.
DOUGHERTY, CATHERINE, '15	267 Grant St., Newburgh, N. Y.
DRENNAN, AGNES, '17	8 Allison St., Middletown, Conn.
DUFFY, ANNA, '13	519 Manhattan Ave., N. Y. C.
DUFFY, MARY, '17	16 Duffy Court, Keene, N. H.
FARMER, ELIZABETH, '16	104 East 85th St., N. Y. C.
FEIG, ROSE, '14	24 Central Ave., Flushing, L. I.
FIGUET, ROBERTA, '12	75 North Broadway, Tarrytown, N. Y.
FINNIGAN, KATHERINE, '14	54 Silver St., Norwich, Conn.
FISHER, ALICE, '15	3 Mills Road, Tuckahoe, N. Y.
FLEMING, FRANCES, '15	11 M St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
FLEMING, MARIE, '15	4703 Lake Ave., Charlotte Station
FOLEY, FLORENCE, '13	316 East 18th St., N. Y. C.
GODFREY, MARION, '17	6 Taylor Ave., South Norwalk, Conn.
GORDON, AGNES, '14	5 East Broadway, Port Chester, N. Y.
GRAY, MARY, '15	3 Morgan St., Norwalk, Conn.
HAFFEY, NORA, '11	Chicopee, Mass.
HAFFEY, ROSA, '16	Chicopee, Mass.
HAMILTON, ALIDA, '16	332 Convent Ave., N. Y. C.
HAMILTON, ANNE, '16	332 Convent Ave., N. Y. C.
HANNAN, CORNELIA, '08	135 Hamilton Place, N. Y. C.
HANNON, MARY, '13	11 Sargent St., Hartford, Conn.
HANSEN, ELIZABETH, '17	Elida St., Scarsdale, N. Y.
HARTIGAN, MRS. M. (Irene Paris, '13)	146 Main St., Montpelier, Vt.
HARVEY, OLIVE, '13	Tupper Lake, N. Y.
HENDRICK, IRENE, '17	240 5th Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
HENNESSY, JOANA, '09	2005 Washington Ave., N. Y. C.
HIGGINS, MARY, '15	4 West 129th St., N. Y. C.
HUME, DOROTHY, '15	320 8th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
HURLEY, MILDRED, '16	Grand Ave., Baldwin, L. I.
HURST, ELEANOR, '17	41 St. Nicholas Terrace, N. Y. C.
HYLAN, VIRGINIA, '17	959 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
HYNES, ANNE, '16	1332 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
JENNINGS, IRENE, '08	1851 Sedgwick Ave., N. Y. C.

JETTINGHOFF, ETHEL, '13	616 West 116th St., N. Y. C.
JETTINGHOFF, MABEL, '10	517 West 2nd St., Delphos, Ohio
JOHNSTON, MARIE, '10	68 Ludlow St., Elmhurst, L. I.
JORDAN, MRS. M. (Mary O'Brien, '10)	Lackawack, N. Y.
JUDGE, GLADYS, '16	922 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
KEATING, JOSEPHINE, '15	684 East 226th St., N. Y. C.
KEATING, MARY A., '11	161 West 75th St., N. Y. C.
KEATING, MARY J., '13	684 East 226th St., N. Y. C.
KELLY, CORNELIA, '16	700 Monroe St., Scranton, Pa.
KENNEY, MAY, '13	Sharon, Conn.
KENT, ELIZABETH, '15	243 Garfield Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
KIERAN, ELEANOR, '16	859 East 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
KIERAN, MARIE, '15	859 East 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
KILCULLEN, FLORENCE, '17	329 Taylor Ave., Scranton, Pa.
KING, ELLEN, '16	162 Hawthorne Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
KINGSLEY, HELEN, '17	14 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.
KOMORA, IRENE, '16	505 East 140th St., N. Y. C.
LALLY, MARY, '15	12 Lincoln St., North Adams, Mass.
LANGDON, HELEN, '16	Englewood Cliffs, Englewood, N. J.
LANGDON, MARIE, '13	Englewood Cliffs, Englewood, N. J.
LEE, ELIZABETH, '14	327 East 87th St., N. Y. C.
LEEMING, EDITH, '13	467 East 28th St., Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.
LEITNER, CECILIA, '17	Piermont-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
LONERGAN, ELLA, '15	St. Patrick's School, Phoenix, Ala.
LONERGAN, MARGARET, '14	Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
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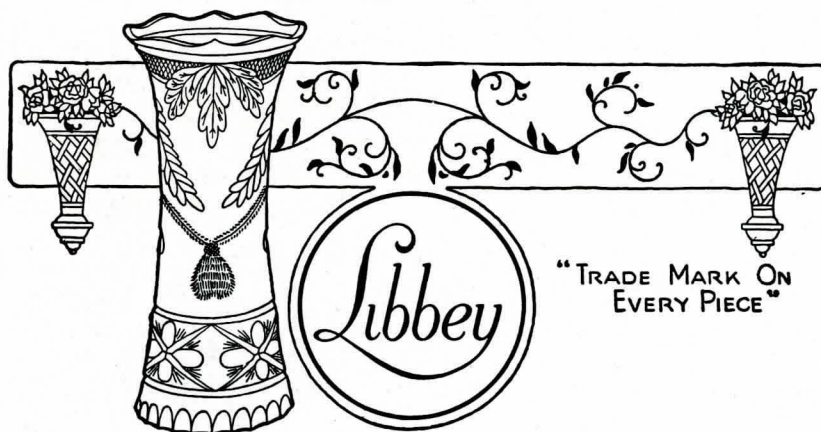
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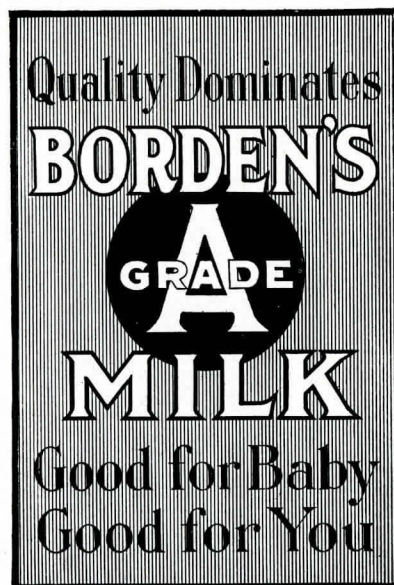
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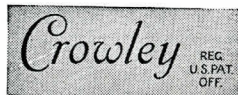
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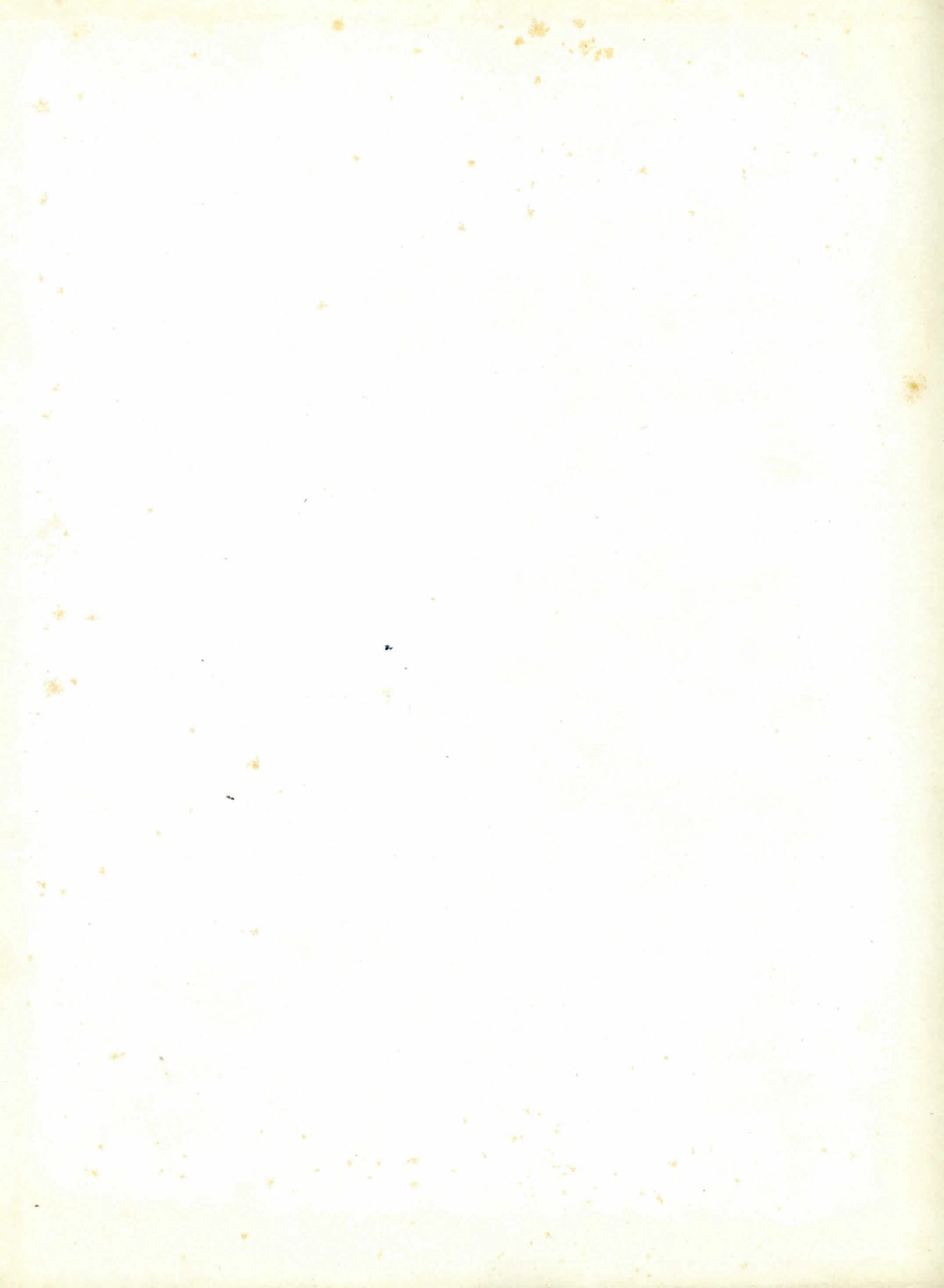
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 Harrison, N. Y.  
 1134 Dinsmore St., Far Rockaway, L. I.  
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